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often herald their warning with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to see your dentist right away. Let him decide whether yours is a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle gum massage."

How would you type this Model Mother?



Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile—so important, in fact, that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey! Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.

Photographers see Frances Nalle's natural charm, sparkling smile, call her the ideal "Young Mother"

NEW YORK'S modeling circles know Mrs. Frances Nalle Crider as the perfect "Young Mother" type of model. And she is: she has two adorable youngsters of her own. She has the dazzling smile that's so important to any kind of modeling job . . . naturally.

"Model" mother that she is, lovely, green-eyed Mrs. Crider has taught Amanda and "Bobo" to safeguard their smiles by following her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*

For Frances, like so many successful models, makes it her business to know what thousands of schools and dentists stress—that healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth and a radiant smile.



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P.S. For correct brushing, use the **DOUBLE DUTY** Tooth Brush with the twist in the handle. 1,000 dentists helped design it!



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

LINA MEDINA

Sirs:

Lina Medina's record-breaking early maternity (*LIFE's* Reports, Dec. 15) has overshadowed its medical background. It is little known that she has been suffering from a rare disease which was first described by the American endocrinologist, Dr. Fuller Albright, only 10 years ago. The disease, now generally known as Albright's syndrome, manifests itself in precocious puberty in the female, certain bone changes and brown discoloration of large areas of the skin. Lina's physician, Dr. Gerardo Lozada of Pisco, Peru, in a letter to Dr. Fuller Albright, has confirmed the presence of the two latter symptoms.

KURT WIENER, M.D.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Sirs:

... May I point out that I was the attorney who flew to Lima, Peru, together with Dr. Larraine, a well-known endocrinologist practicing in Chicago, examined Lina Medina and drew the contract which gave to my clients, an organization headed by Leo A. Seltzer of Chicago, the exclusive rights to all pictures and stories regarding the strange case of Lina Medina, and also the right to have her studied and examined by scientific authorities in the U.S. ...

The only reason that the children were not brought here was the stand taken by Dr. Morris Fishbein of the A.M.A., who insisted that the entire affair was a hoax and refused to believe the many American and British physicians and surgeons who were present when the child was delivered. ...

You might be interested to note that after the birth of Gerardo, my clients forwarded money to Lima for the care and training of both children, and continued to do so until the war broke out in December 1941. ...

RICHARD S. KAPLAN

Gary, Ind.

MOVIE HEARINGS

Sirs:

In your article on the movie hearings (*LIFE*, Nov. 24) you state, "He [Dalton Trumbo] made a collection speech which netted \$3,000 for the Council for Civic Unity, a Communist promotion." This is incorrect. Far from promoting Communism, we are militantly opposed to it. At the time Dalton Trumbo made his "collection speech," April 14, 1945 (it was still wartime when people joined organizations and the people themselves asked only to serve and the organizations only wanted those who would serve and asked no questions), the Council for Civic Unity was in its infancy. At that time our membership was composed of some very reputable and sound citizens; it also included, however, some people to whom you might refer as "communist promoters." However the board since that time has been reconstituted. It has been wiped absolutely clean of any remotely Communist contingent—even on the fringes. In fact, we have no fringes! ...

VALERIE SWANSON

Council for Civic Unity
Los Angeles, Calif.

● *LIFE's* statement concerning the Council for Civic Unity was a repetition of evidence introduced in the congressional hearings on Communism in motion pictures. *LIFE* regrets accepting evidence which is no longer true.—ED.

GERMANY

Sirs:

Your editorial, "A New Policy for Germany" (*LIFE*, Dec. 15), presents a point of view shared by a great many of those who took part in the fighting in France and Ger-

many, but if a returning soldier expressed this viewpoint people believed that he had been converted by German propaganda. The truth of the matter is that most of us were disgusted by the American spiel, put forward by the Army, on how to regard Germany and the Germans.

ROBERT R. RICHARDSON
Ex-infantryman, First Army

Southport, Conn.

Sirs:

You failed to make any reference to the fact that many of the industrialists to whom you would immediately "give the green light" provided the financial backing for the Hitler regime. Where is the evidence that such a program of big-business-subsidized Fascism would not be repeated?

WILLIAM W. LYMAN JR.

Cambridge, Mass.

● There is no such evidence. Only vigilance and enlightenment can prevent the program's occurrence in any country.—ED.

LOST VASES

Sirs:

Your article, "Photographic Fabrics" (*LIFE*, Dec. 8), showing people's faces reproduced on cloth, reminded me of a mystery I've been



NORMAN'S VASES

trying to solve. Several months ago in a porcelain shop in the city of Kanhhsien, Kiangsi, I came across two plain porcelain vases with a picture of a lovely boy painted on each of them.

The shopkeeper said they were ordered by an American soldier stationed at Kanhhsien who failed to take delivery of them due to the evacuation of the city in January 1945. The shopkeeper was persuaded to sell them to me after due explanation to him that I wished to locate and send the vases to the owner. I also obtained the original photograph with the inscription, "To the dearest Daddy in the world, Your loving son, Norman."

Since I have no possible means of locating the father of Norman, I am sending you a picture of the pair of vases with the hope you will print it. If the owner, whoever he is, will send me another original photograph of the boy for comparison with the picture on the vases, I will send him the vases gratis.

HARRY L. CHIN

Sun Wai, Kwangtung, China

MIDGET-AUTO RACING

Sirs:

I read with interest your article on midget-auto racing (*LIFE*, Dec. 15), but like most *LIFE* readers I have a couple of gripes.

You aim a right hook at a sport which already has far too many black eyes. I refer to

your calling midget drivers reckless, which I consider a gross misstatement. I don't think you will find a more careful bunch of people anywhere than the men around a race track. No one knows better than they the dangers of racing, and no one is more concerned with keeping these dangers to a minimum. I offer the following examples in support of my claim:

In the very first race in which I drove, I crossed from the center of the straightaway to the outside in order to get out of the dust, a movement which amounted to edging over about 6 feet. As I pulled into the pits the starter, the promoter and the pit manager swarmed around me before I could get out of my car and really gave me what-for.

At Farmington, Minn. last summer a boy was driving his first hot-rod race. He went out on the track, shoved his foot to the floor and left it there, skidding in the turns, passing anytime and anywhere, ignoring flag signals and showing utter disregard for other drivers. The race was stopped, he was barred from racing on the spot and has never driven since. He had somehow gotten the impression that a heavy foot is all a race driver needs. Fortunately there are not many like him.

I think you do a great injustice to the racing public when you say that they come to the races just to see someone hurt. There may be a few who do, but the vast majority come because they are as much in love with the sport as the drivers. I have talked with many fans on the track after the races and have yet to meet one who did not display a keen interest in racing as a sport and a science, and I have heard many ask questions and make suggestions that I thought no one outside the racing business could comprehend.

Bringing up the subject of fatalities was no help to us, either, specially at a time when many states are considering legislation which will ban auto racing entirely.

H. M. WHEELER

Grand Forks, N.Dak.

"DESIRE"

Sirs:

Your article on *A Streetcar Named Desire* (*LIFE*, Dec. 15) brought back a few happy memories when Uncle Sam had me wrapped up in khaki. The article failed to report that the *Desire* streetcar that ran thru the French quarter of New Orleans to Canal Street on its return trip became the Cemetery car.

M. SCHULMAN

New York, N.Y.

SAMIST PAINTING

Sirs:

... When I see such material as Ernest Trova's Samist painting (*LIFE*, Dec. 15) accepted for exhibition it makes me feel like filling up seven or eight test tubes with paint, glue, marshmallow sauce and finger-nail polish, throwing them all at my kitchen door, then shipping the door to the Missouri Art Exhibition.

C. H. REED

Unity, Maine

Sirs:

I have a 4-year-old son who does much the same type of work with materials even more unorthodox: jelly, mud or bananas. The fact that we need our walls this time of year prevents me from sending you a sample of his work.

S/Sgt. GEORGE K. HOREN

Red Wing, Minn.

Sirs:

Tell Trova from now on when he dresses a window to turn off those hot-bright window spot lights and he'll be all right—just don't fight it.

"BOOTS" BRADFORD

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sirs:

... It is, of course, a self-portrait.

JOHN W. MUMMA

San Luis Obispo, Calif.

INEFFICIENT FARMER

Sirs:

Let's give Farmer Woods some credit. His "inefficiency" (*LIFE*, Dec. 15) is neither willful nor readily remedied. Nor has Expert Hitz suggested anything that Farmer Woods hasn't frequently figured out for himself.

Scrapping a dairy barn, converting the main barn into an all-purpose building, installing a pressure system, tearing down chicken house and building a new one, heating controls and storage bins will probably add up to a \$10,000 capital investment! When this is compared to a saving of one and one-half miles walking per day—well, what would you do? Obviously just what Farmer Woods will do—continue his "weary travels."

Our cities are filled with "experts" who walk more than a mile and a half per day to avoid a much smaller investment in transportation.

C. R. YOST

Kansas City, Mo.

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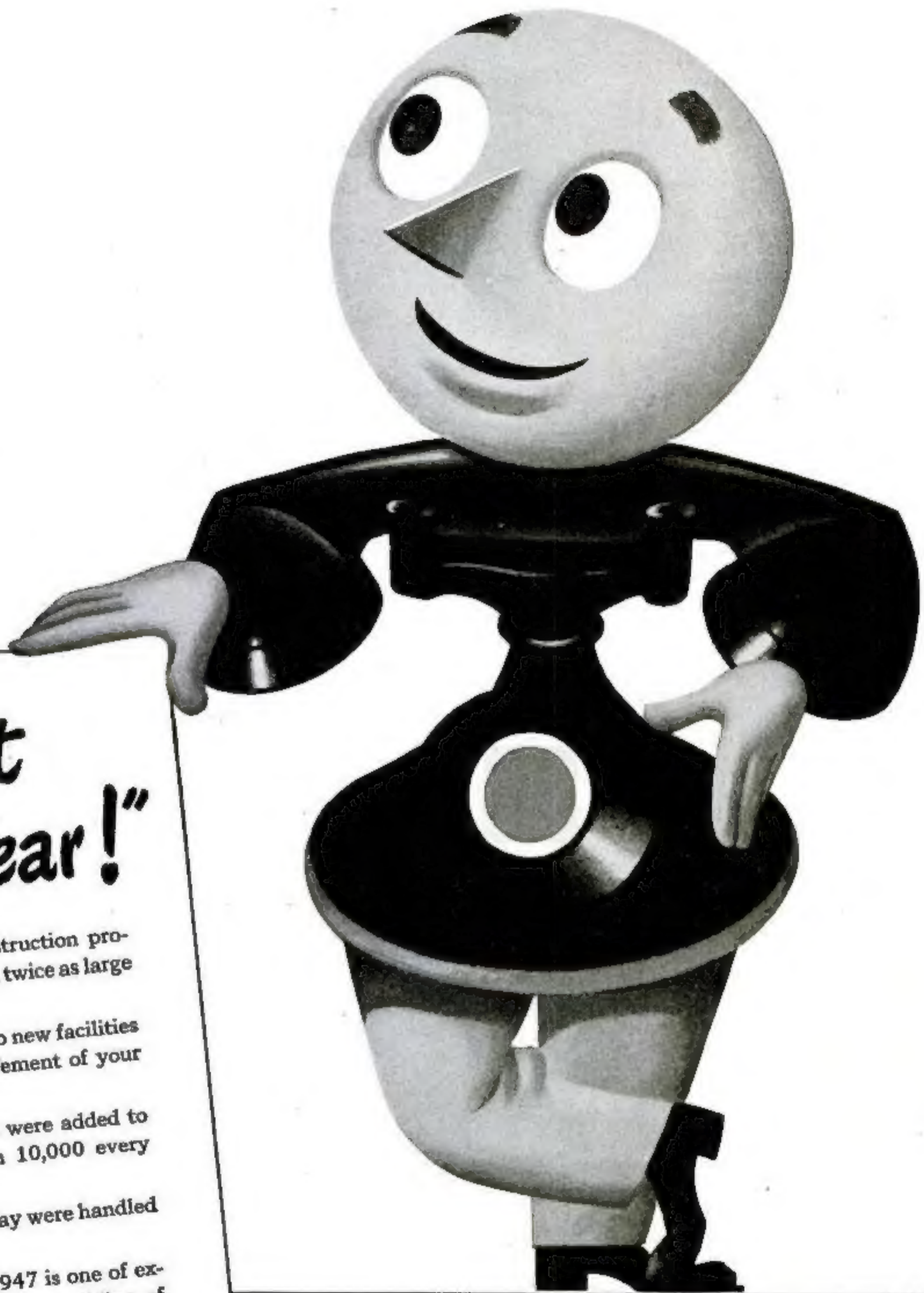
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1947



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A billion dollars was put into new facilities for the expansion and improvement of your telephone service.

2,700,000 new telephones were added to the Bell System—more than 10,000 every working day.

13,000,000 more calls a day were handled—a new record.

The telephone story of 1947 is one of expanding business, extraordinary building of new facilities, rising costs and higher payrolls.

It is the story of unceasing effort to meet the continuing demands for more and better telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





BY DAY THE CLOUD-RIMMED BOWL AT MT. ROSE, NEV. IS A SKIER'S DREAM OF VAST OPEN SLOPES CRISS-CROSSED WITH SKI TRACKS

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

... DAY AND NIGHT, NEVADA SKI SLOPE MAKES FINE PICTURES



BY NIGHT THE SAME TERRAIN IS LACED WITH BRILLIANT LIGHT PATTERNS AS TORCH-BEARING SKIERS LOOP DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE

The setting of these two spectacular pictures of the same Sierra ski slope is a natural bowl high on Mt. Rose, 4,000 feet above and 18 miles away from the busy divorce mills of Reno, Nev. By day (*opposite*) the wide, evergreen-studded bowl is sprinkled with eager University of Nevada students who like

to ski and near-divorcees and their lawyers who just need a breath of fresh air. By night (*above*) the same scene is apt to explode into brilliant light patterns when the owners of the Mt. Rose ski lodge and a few hardy friends put on a torchlit ski parade for patrons who can be pried away from the lodge bar

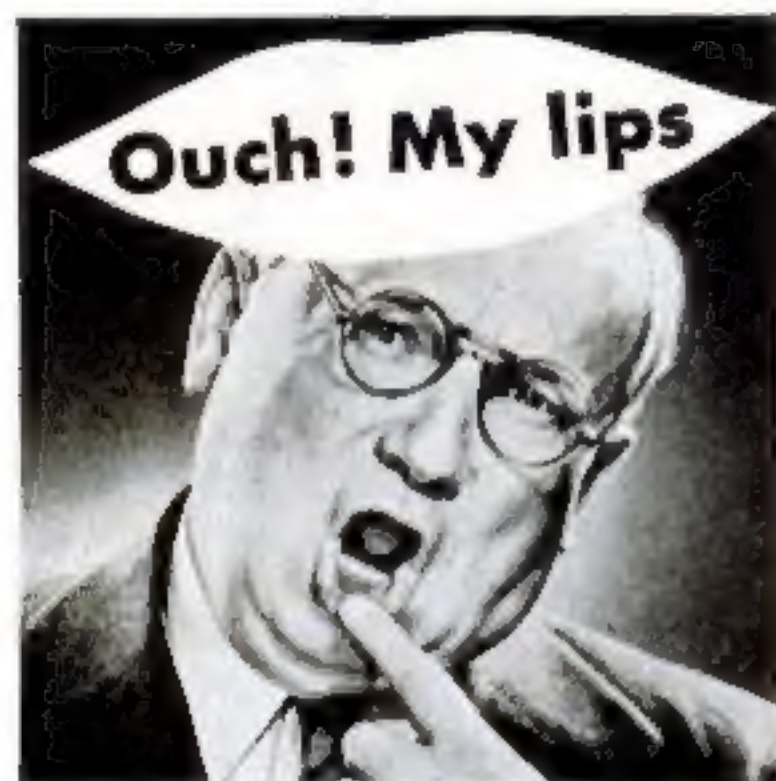
and the lure of mountain gambling. To get the night picture Photographer Kosti Ruohomaa set his Rolleiflex for a time exposure and then stood around in near-zero cold blowing on his freezing fingers while six skiers, carrying flaming kerosene-soaked torches, flashed one by one down the mountainside.



Travelling this winter? Make 'CHAP STICK' your little pocket companion. A real friend when change of altitude or climate makes lips dry or parched. 'CHAP STICK'—Your Pocket Companion



Mother, how about her lips? Chapped lips can be a minor misery when they get cracked and sore. 'CHAP STICK' for Every Member of the Family



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LIFE

Vol. 24, No. 1

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

January 5, 1948

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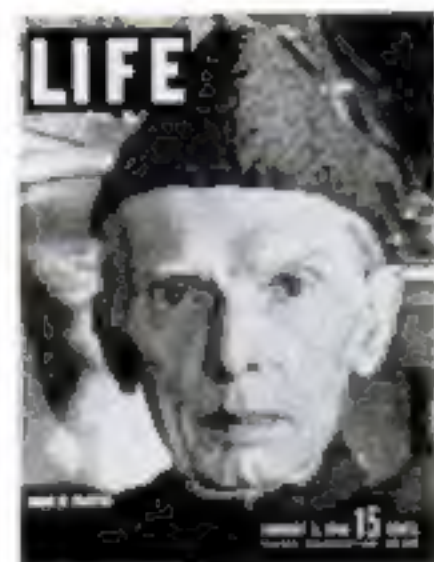
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LIFE'S COVER

The smoldering, hypnotic eyes staring out of LIFE's cover this week belong to the sick old ruler of a young but equally sick country (pp. 16-26). Ever since he became governor general of Pakistan five months ago, 72-year-old Mohamed Ali Jinnah's health has been failing. He has been of little help in administering the sprawling Moslem nation which he fought so long to create. Recently he has been inaccessible even to his cabinet ministers, seeing only his devoted sister Fatima. But to Pakistanis he is still the Great Leader, and the nation's future depends on his policies or lack of them.

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a man ever whispered to a woman!



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A tense moment with the New York Rangers on Madison Square Garden's ice

LIFE

Vol. 24, No. 1 January 5, 1948



ON THE MORNING AFTER THE STORM THE NARROW CANYON OF 86TH STREET PRESENTS AN ODD PATTERN OF SNOW-CLOGGED FIRE ESCAPES AND A MAROONED BUS

RECORD SNOW BURIES NEW YORK CITY

At 3:20 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 26 it began to snow in New York City. By the time most New Yorkers were going to work the blanket lay 3 inches deep. But the city, used to ignoring all natural phenomena and reassured by a weather bureau forecast of "occasional" flurries, went about its business as usual. But as the day wore on, this characteristic blasé attitude vanished. The air grew filled with snowflakes so huge and thick that it was almost impossible to see across the street. They fell without letup—all morning, all afternoon and into the night.

A crosstown bus which left the east side of narrow Manhattan Island at 1:55 p.m. reached its destination—only 10 blocks away—at 4:25. Out in

the suburbs and on the highways many buses simply disappeared and were not heard from again all day. Snow began clogging the switches of the Long Island Rail Road, which carries about 300,000 commuters a day.

The big department stores like Macy's and Gimbels let their employees off early to try to beat the transportation jam. But it was no use. The snow grew thicker and deeper; a one-block walk was enough to turn a pedestrian into a snowman. Crosstown buses ran into snowdrifts and stopped (above). Automobiles were buried at the curb or left abandoned in the middle of streets (pp. 10-11). Trains stopped running and subway platforms were so jammed that some of the stations had to

be closed. The city's normal life was unbelievably disrupted. About 400 commuters spent the night in a chilly Long Island train that took 10 hours to make a scheduled 20-minute run. Many people never got home at all. A few lucky ones found hotel rooms, but many of them slept in the railway stations (p. 13) or in theaters that were kept open all night to provide shelter.

Long after nightfall the illuminated news sign of the New York Times flashed the announcement to little groups of people huddled in Times Square that the snowfall, which totaled an amazing 25.8 inches in less than 24 hours, had beaten the record of the city's historic blizzard of 1888. A faint, muffled shout of triumph went up from the victims.



A SNOWBOUND AUTOMOBILE stands right in the middle of New York City's West 22nd Street between a long line of other cars buried at the curb. By the time this

photograph was taken, in a brief lull in the storm in midevening, surface traffic had come to a virtual standstill and an awesome hush fell over the city. Passenger cars,



trucks and buses stood abandoned at nearly every intersection, often at the same crazy angles in which they had skidded to a final stop. Most were still there in the morning,

greatly complicating the task of the 14,500 street cleaners and emergency workmen who began the \$3 million job of getting rid of the snow with shovel, dump truck and plow.



DECKHANDS SHOVEL OFF THE LINER "QUEEN MARY," CAUGHT AT HER PIER



FIREMEN RESCUE MAN WHO WAS PINNED BY COLLAPSE OF THEATER MARQUEE

THE PEOPLE GO WITHOUT MILK, BREAD, NEWSPAPERS, TAXIS AND SLEEP

All told about 18,000,000 tons of snow fell on New York City in last week's storm. The results were something such as no New Yorker save the oldtimers who lived through the blizzard of '88 had ever seen before. Ocean liners like the *Queen Mary* (above, left) were unable to move. The snow collapsed a theater marquee (above, right) and seriously injured an employee. Men died struggling through the drifts, and railway stations were filled with pathetic groups of sleepy people like those on opposite page. Pedestrians were in constant danger of pratfalls but for once they could walk anywhere in the city without fear of being hit by a taxi. Yet the most amazing thing of all was the

storm's dramatic lesson on how the city depends on track transportation. For awhile it was almost impossible in many sections to buy a newspaper, a loaf of bread or a bottle of milk. Delivery of coal and fuel had stopped and scores of houses and apartment buildings went without heat. Officials of the fire department declared a state of emergency—for long and dangerous hours there were whole sections of the city where a fire could not have been reached by the fire trucks. No big fires broke out, but the situation was serious enough for Mayor O'Dwyer to grab the first plane home from his vacation in southern California. They were having a heat wave there.



MILK DRIVER, stalled and unable to make deliveries, sells load to passers-by.



FALLEN PEDESTRIAN in middle of Times Square gets a helping hand from his friends and a patrolman. As the snow got knee-deep, tumbles were even more frequent.



GOOD SAMARITAN scatters crumbs for birds at the edge of Central Park.

ON THE FLOOR OF GRAND CENTRAL STATION
A FATHER AND HIS TWO YOUNG SONS WAIT
THROUGH THE NIGHT FOR THE TRAIN HOME



UNITED NATIONS

DR. EVATT TELLS HOW IT SURVIVED 1947 AND WHY IT MUST SURVIVE 1948. "IT IS ALL WE HAVE"

Will 1948 be called a postwar or a prewar year? It finds some parts of mankind preparing for a new war, while others are still cleaning up the last one. It finds many preaching one or another form of world government. It finds some—fewer than a year ago—still pinning their hopes on the United Nations. What can we really expect of U.N.? For an insider's answer to this question, LIFE queried Dr. Herbert Vere Evatt, Australia's Minister of External Affairs, who led the fight for a better charter at San Francisco and since has been one of the most vigorous delegates in the Assembly. His views, here quoted at length, deserve pondering by all who despair.

Personally I shudder to think what might have happened in 1947 if there had not been a U.N., and I believe that if the organization can be kept alive two or three more years, it may become virtually impossible for another "shooting war" to break out within our lifetime. By then the nations of the world will be committed to so many different projects designed to alleviate international pressures and to prevent armed conflicts that "red tape" alone will bind their fretful hands. This is my own personal belief based, I will admit, on hope and faith in the peoples of the world but not on wishful thinking. Criticism of U.N. comes easily, while reports of its good work and unspectacular progress get buried somewhere near the classified-ad sections.

To appreciate the difficulties of and understand what U.N. has done, remember that while U.N. was set up to maintain peace, *there has been no peace to maintain.* Unlike the League of Nations, which tied the peace treaties of World War I to a world-peace organization, the U.N. was supposed to take over after the victorious Allies had signed peace treaties with their enemies. The major World War II treaties have not yet been signed. But even so, and with World War III smoldering in a dozen different places, U.N. has managed to *do something*—through a charter proviso which allows the General Assembly to "recommend measures for the peaceful adjustment of international disputes."

The result has been harsh and bitter words between the representatives of the world's great powers and a series of headline crises that read as if every dispute were going to blow the entire U.N. to bits. Some did threaten to do just that, but, and mark these words well, Russia did not walk out and neither did anyone else. This is partly because U.N. made such a resonant sounding board for the exchange of views and propaganda.

Some U.N. Achievements

Let no one suffer any delusions about how dangerous the international situation has been during the last year. As one illustration, there is the problem of Korea, which is split in two by U.S. and Russian occupying troops who glare at each other across the border while U.S. and Russian diplomats fail violently to agree on anything. This was perilous ground to tread upon, but with Russia protesting every inch of the way the Assembly finally voted for a U.N. commission to

visit Korea and facilitate democratic elections. Possibly not much—but *something*.

Another explosive issue was the charge by Greece that the governments of Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Albania were actively aiding the bands of guerrillas defying the Greek government. Even though the 11-member Security Council did not act on the report of its Balkan investigating commission, it is still true that relative quiet, in fact a remarkable quiet, settled over Greece while the commission was on the scene, interrogating some 250 witnesses. In the Assembly Mr. Vishinsky and the Russians fiercely attacked some of the testimony, but it could not be dismissed. Accordingly Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Albania were requested officially to keep their sticky fingers out of sticky Greek affairs, and later a special Assembly committee was established to keep a watchful eye on the angry countries involved. This did not end trouble in Greece, but it did mean that while the earlier commission was functioning, its moral force was sufficient to calm down all sides of the dispute. It is an example of what I believe is one of U.N.'s accomplishments in operating somewhat like a law court. While a case is being tried in court, and while the judge considers it even further before handing down any decision, the plaintiffs do not go out and club each other to death. They wait. The longer they wait, the less blood is shed and the greater are the chances of an amicable settlement.

By an intransigent attitude and the use of the veto a total of 22 times, the Russians have done more than any others to increase the feeling that U.N. has done nothing and can do nothing. Tension really reached its high point on the "war-mongering" issue. Mr. Vishinsky introduced a resolution condemning "the criminal propaganda of a new war... carried on by the reactionary circles in a number of countries, particularly in U.S.A., Turkey and Greece..." Tired of having the "big boys" get so mad at each other that nothing got done, the middle and smaller nations promptly stepped in with an amendment (sponsored by Australia, Canada and France) which condemned war propaganda in whatever countries and by whatever means used. It was a case of the "little guys," who also represent many millions of the world's peoples, plainly and effectively telling both the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. that they did not approve of anyone flexing his military muscle. Russia was displeased because the finger of scorn was not pointed directly at the U.S. and the U.S., it can now be told, was at first disappointed that Russia alone was not accused of making trouble. It is a neat little point for historians to record that in alphabetical voting the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. come way at the end. By the time 50 or more nations had risen and voted their condemnation of any and all warlike propaganda, there remained nothing for the delegates in the "U" section to do but make it unanimous. Let historians record, too, that it was done graciously.

After that crisis and until the time of the final vote on Palestine, a new atmosphere seemed to pervade the Assembly. There was still acrimony, but the delegates themselves felt more relaxed and possibly more secure. U.N. had shown that it could survive violence of lan-

guage and threat of boycott and remain objective and judicial. It was time to review some of the work that had been accomplished in more quiet ways. Really outstanding progress had been made on a trustee system replacing the outmoded mandates. There had been other good work in proposing greater use of the Permanent International Court of Justice and in efforts to cope with the food and commerce problems of the world.

"... a Sense of Pride"

There was a feeling that U.N.'s organizational machinery was beginning to function and that when the Assembly met again there might be less acid in the air. I believe delegates felt a sense of pride in many of the things they had done, and they hoped for greater progress in 1948—particularly if the big boys could get their peace treaties out of the way.

As a sort of town meeting of the world, U.N. had exerted tremendous force, even though it was only by airing grievances. In such debates as those between India and South Africa and even in the last-minute uproar over Palestine, U.N. had left the implication that every nation which seeks equity and justice must practice equity and justice.

LIFE here adds one point to Dr. Evatt's case. Many critics wish Russia would walk out of U.N.; some would force her out and build a new and stronger union of the real democracies. But the more dangerous to world peace Russia is considered to be, the more advisable it is for the world to have an organization that includes Russia. Even when Vishinsky perverts it for propaganda purposes, U.N. is still the place where Russians must stand up and be counted like everybody else. It is the place where at least a fraction of Russian policy, like the top of an iceberg, is always visible. Surely some visibility is better than none, whether one fears the worst or shares the restrained optimism in Dr. Evatt's conclusion:

Perhaps U.N. can never prevent war or reform an anguished and muddled world. But I take heart from the fact that it was born prematurely while the war was still going on and that it still has an infant's growth in a world of surly giants. In 1947 U.N. did show itself to be weak, but at least its lungs were good, for it made enough noise to capture the world's attention. If it grows up to improve the world's manners it will be a great and good thing indeed. It must survive and mature and become wholly effective. It is all we have.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➔

Just in time for the holidays the packing case on the opposite page arrived at the destination so prominently stenciled on its side. When it was opened, out stumbled a wobbly kneed little cocker spaniel which had been shipped all the way from Illinois by an admirer of President Truman. His name on the pedigree papers is Marsden's Mr. Missouri. But he will be known at the White House as "Feller"—a nickname which the donor thought reminiscent of another dog owned by another president.

HARRY S. TRUMAN

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A DEJECTED LITTLE SPANIEL TAKES HIS FIRST LOOK ABOUT THE WHITE HOUSE



IN REVIEW AT RAWALPINDI MEMBERS OF NEWLY FORMED SECURITY GUARD, ESTABLISHED TO HELP PRESERVE ORDER, MARCH BY TROOPS OF REGULAR PAKISTAN ARMY

PAKISTAN STRUGGLES FOR SURVIVAL

RELIGIOUS WARFARE AND ECONOMIC CHAOS THREATEN THE NEWLY BORN NATION OF 70 MILLION MOSLEMS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIFE BY MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

In the rugged hills near Pakistan's northern border last week turbaned Moslem tribesmen fought pitched battles with regular Indian army troops. Across the new Moslem nation trains pounded over the rickety railroads collecting arms and volunteers (*below*) for the tribal raids into the neighboring state of Kashmir. The Moslem League newspaper *Dawn* referred to the raiders in Kashmir as the "Liberation Army" and New Delhi announcements as "enemy communiques." Yet in the Pakistan capital at Karachi the country's creator-dictator, Mohamed Ali Jinnah (*see cover*), calmly insisted that it was none of his doing.

This seemed a strange claim when daily reports told of frequent Pakistani casualties and when Jinnah himself publicly denounced Kashmir's ruling prince for putting a predominantly Moslem state under Hindu India's protection. But what it meant was simple enough—Jinnah still had no real national program for Pakistan except the incitation of fanatic Moslem zeal.

If this led some of his 70 million followers to rush off to war and the rest to rally through the cities crying, "Free Kashmir!" (*opposite*), the Qaid-e-Azam (Great Leader) could not help it. There had to be some outlet for whipped-up Moslem emotions, and occasional army reviews and establishment of internal Security Guards (*above*) was hardly enough.

Yet Pakistan dared not risk and could not sustain a substantial military operation. In the division of British India, Pakistan got a regular army which now numbers some 150,000 men, but Hindu India got even more troops and almost all the ordnance factories and most of the ammunition stores. Provoking India into full-fledged hostilities might mean national suicide.

The Kashmir fighting was only the natural outgrowth of Jinnah's bitter seven-year campaign to force the Moslems and the Hindus apart. Now that he had signally succeeded, Jinnah seemed to have little or no realization of the frightful economic consequences his infant country faced. For the most part he remained in absolute seclusion, emerging only occasionally to denounce the villainous Hindu for all of Pakistan's many ills.

Yet Pakistan desperately needed India's textile mills to process its cotton (*pp. 18-19*), India's capital to develop its resources and India's industrial know-how to supplement its faith in Allah and the leadership of Jinnah. Powerful though that faith might be, it would not provide Pakistan with a workable economic system. Last week as the tragic division between Pakistan and India increased and as the 72-year old Jinnah grew sicker, it became apparent that Pakistan not only might lose its battle for survival but might also lose its leader as well.



MOSLEM TRIBESMAN shoulders rifle and cartridge belt to board unofficial truck convoy for Kashmir front.



"AZAD KASHMIRI" ("Free Kashmir!") is one of the rallying cries of 21-year-old Said Haroon as he exhorts Moslem bystanders to come to a National Guards meeting

in Karachi. The National Guardsmen drove around the capital in a large lorry, using a loud-speaker and waving the flag to recruit Moslems interested in joining the new Guards.

DESPITE LACK OF MONEY AND SKILLS NATION FIGHTS TO AVOID COLLAPSE

When Pakistan suddenly received its freedom last Aug. 15, proud and energetic patriots boasted that they had created a nation with more land than France and more people than Germany. Granting these comparisons, Pakistan still lacks most of the attributes of a modern nation. Today its capital of Karachi is partly a tent city (*right*). And, as the following paragraphs and the pictures indicate, it is fighting a close battle with economic bankruptcy.

LABOR



Of the approximately 70 million Pakistanis more than 80% are farmers, a very few are wealthy landlords and the rest are shopkeepers and artisans. Nearly all of Pakistan's financial and professional men were among the approximately four million Hindus who fled to India. From India, Pakistan got about six million impoverished Moslem peasants who for the most part left their agricultural implements behind. In return for freedom Pakistan has huge transient camps full of landless farmers and an almost complete lack of skilled technicians or businessmen.

FOOD



In only one field is Pakistan self-sufficient. The country grows enough basic foodstuffs to feed its people. In 1938-39 Pakistan had 43,900,000 acres under cultivation, much of it in wheat and rice, some in barley, maize and millet. Eastern Pakistan produces most of the rice, western Pakistan most of the wheat. In a normal-production year the surplus-food provinces of Sind, the West Punjab and East Bengal could feed the deficit areas of the Northwest Frontier and Baluchistan. But whether the overtaxed transportation system can now handle the load is questionable.

RAW MATERIALS



Jute, which is sometimes called "the golden fiber of Bengal," is Pakistan's most important commercial crop. In former years British India had a virtual world monopoly in jute, and in 1947-48 Pakistan is expected to produce 72.3% of the combined Indo-Pakistan yield. But Pakistan recently put a stiff export duty on jute and India promptly countered with a stiff import duty. Pakistan's next best money crop is cotton, which totals 1.5 million bales. Pakistan's coal, oil and iron reserves are largely undeveloped and, in consequence, so is her heavy industry (*below*).

INDUSTRY



As a producing country Pakistan must quickly industrialize to achieve self-sufficiency or else must establish a cordial interdependence with a processing nation. At present in all of Pakistan there are only 26,000 workers employed in industry. She has no big iron and steel centers, only 34 railway repair shops, no match factories, no jute mills, no paper mills and only 16 cotton mills against India's 857. Lacking the money or know-how to industrialize, Pakistan obviously requires a commercial rapprochement with Hindu India if her people are to be clothed.

TRANSPORTATION



In all the 370,000 square miles of Pakistan there are only 7,260 miles of railway and only 9,575 miles of paved roads. There are an estimated 53,000 miles of dirt roads and trails. Trains operating between India and Pakistan have been carrying refugees since the partition riots, with little room left for pay loads of cotton or food. Pakistan has had difficulty in getting enough coal to keep the railways running and even then has had to pay about three times the normal price per ton. In September alone the country lost more than \$10 million on railway operations.

FINANCES



Pakistan's financial troubles are compounded out of her political, trade and industrial failures. At the time of the division Hindu businessmen took out all the gold bullion, jewels and other liquid assets they could carry with them. With normal trade cut off by the rioting and use of railroads for refugees, Pakistan's income probably will not exceed 450 million rupees for the current year against almost certain expenditures of 800 million. Officials talk hopefully of foreign investment or loans, but in Pakistan's present condition the risks are not very attractive.



GOVERNMENT WORKERS IN PAKISTAN'S CAPITAL OF KARACHI ARE HOUSED IN



TINY ARMS FACTORY near Peshawar is as modern as much of Pakistan's industry. This factory has only five workers and it takes each one a full month to make a rifle.



TENTS. THIS BIG SETTLEMENT TAKES CARE OF 600 CLERKS AND MESSENGER BOYS, WHO ARE NOT DISTURBED BY THE LIVESTOCK WHICH WANDER AROUND THE CAMP



MOSLEM COLLEGE in Karachi represents an effort to reduce Paki-tan illiteracy rate of 97%. Girls in background are seated out of boys' view to preserve their modesty.



"ONE-CAMEL TOWN" would be a good description of Karachi in terms of world capitals. Although the city has some modern transport, communications are inadequate.

CONTINUED ON NEXT P



MODERN PAKISTAN WOMEN are symptomatic of the progress the new nation is struggling to make. Here, led by Zeenat Haroon, young members of the Sind province

Women's National Guard meet to practice the use of the bamboo *lath* in self-defense. But most Pakistan women still prefer the old customs, even to the veiled face (p. 20).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

"You might say I'm
satisfied that only I say
Chesterfields Satisfy me!"

by RISE STEVENS
"Satisfied" LITERARY
1934

SATISFY YOURSELF

...like Rise Stevens, that Chesterfields

are **A** ALWAYS Milder

B BETTER TASTING

C COOLER SMOKING

THE RIGHT COMBINATION .
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS



ALWAYS BUY

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Born Leader

PAUL JONES has been a leader among fine whiskies for 82 years. Today, it is made in the same slow, old-fashioned way—to make your drinks taste especially rich and hearty. One sip will reveal why Paul Jones is first of all ... for flavor!

*Fine Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.*

Paul Jones
FIRST OF ALL... FOR FLAVOR!



THE BOY PRINCE OF KHAIRPUR AND CHIEF REGENT

NATION HAS FEW LEADERS

Except for ailing Jinnah, Pakistan has few national leaders. But it does have some people of importance who, in a region or a class, dominate the people about them. One of the most active of these Pakistan notables is Lady Nusrat Haroon (*right*), heiress to a sugar fortune, who has put aside the veil to work for the Moslem League of which her late husband was an important leader.

Another of Pakistan's important people is a 14-year-old boy, Mir George Alimurad Khan Talpur (*above*), who rules Khairpur, one of the three princely states that have joined the new nation. But the most forceful regional ruler in the country is the 65-year-old Wali of Swat (*below*). Toothless, nearly blind and barely literate, the still vigorous old Wali reigns supreme over the fierce warrior farmers of a tribal state in the northwest. He keeps track of his scattered subjects with an efficient field-telephone system.



SUGAR MAGNATE Lady Haroon (*center, head covered*) sits with her numerous daughters, daughters-in-law and grandchildren before a family portrait. The whole family is active in Moslem League



THE WALI OF SWAT pauses for a short rest near the top of the mountain which rises above his palace. In the

background are bodyguards who accompany him on his daily gambol up the mountainside. The Wali's power was

consolidated after he had shot one rival in self-defense and after another was so unfortunate as to fall off a cliff.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... HIS SKIN GETS loving care, but his hair gets only neglect! It's so dull and lifeless... must be next to impossible to comb... full of loose dandruff, too. How Dry Scalp spoils a man's appearance! It's time I told him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



YOU'D NEVER KNOW this was the same man—now that he's using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! A few drops a day can help you, too...to check loose dandruff and itchy scalp... make hair natural-looking, easy to comb. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Works wonders also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care... both scalp and hair... and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK®

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic

Pakistan CONTINUED



BOWING TO MECCA 100,000 Pakistan Moslems form endless rows as they pray to Allah in the Festival of Sacrifice. This unswerving fidelity to Allah is the common denominator among the varied peoples of the country and the source of the religious zeal that helped make Pakistan a reality. But now it at



the state has finally been achieved: zeal alone is not enough. There remains the practical problem of turning this boundless energy into realistic channels. The need now is for the distinguished temporal leadership that will give these thousands of worshipers the great Islamic state for which they pray so fervently.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Husband's hint puts dancer on toes



7 A. M. "Oh! Our try-out is at nine," groaned the dastaff half of the dance team, "and I feel awful. My head aches, I'm logy ... and I need a laxative."

"But, honey!" says hubby. "We've got to get that spot in the show! Let me fix you a glass of Sal Hepatica. It will fix you up fast!"



9 A. M. Look at those flashing feet! The job's in the bag!

As usual, Sal Hepatica, the sparkling saline laxative, brought quick, gentle relief. Taken first thing in the morning,

it usually acts within an hour.

It also aids in counteracting excess gastric acidity and helps sweeten a sour stomach. So always keep a bottle of Sal Hepatica handy.

In a national survey, more than half the doctors recommended Sal Hepatica. Why not try Sal Hepatica next time you need a laxative?

Ask your doctor why Sal Hepatica works so fast. He knows that because Sal Hepatica is a fluid bulk laxative, soft pressure is exerted to stimulate gentle, speedy action.

Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN: { "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"—Wednesday night, NBC Network
"BREAK THE BANK"—Friday night, ABC Network



**NEVER BEFORE
AN
Electric Range
LIKE THIS!**



**IT'S THE ONLY SPACE SAVER
RANGE WITH AUTOMATIC
OVEN CONTROL, DEEP WELL
COOKER AND LAMP**

For the first time these deluxe features are available in a range specially designed for the small kitchen. Place a whole meal in the oven, set the control clock, then go shopping—return to a delicious dinner. Cook a complete meal conveniently in the 18" Min. deep well cooker. There's full range-top illumination too—plus cooking capacity equal to high priced ranges! See it today.



Electramaster Inc.
MOUNT CLEMENS, MICHIGAN
The Electric Range That's "Fit For A Queen"—On The "Queen For A Day" Program—Mutual Network



THE LADY IN THE LACE personifies the old customs and traditions connected with Pakistan's religion (pp. 24, 25). Although this lady, Khadeeja Feroze Ud-din, is deputy director of public instruction for the West Punjab, she opposes coeducation. She veils her face and even hides her hands in gloves.

**"There Are Many Mints
But Only One
After Dinner Mint"—
Richardson's Candy Chef**



**IT ALL NO
Richardson's
AFTER DINNER MINT**

Pure CANE Sugar plus
Natural MINT for Flavor



Thos. D. Richardson Co., Philadelphia 34, U.S.A.

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**WORN OUT?
STOLEN?
TOO SLOW IN
LIGHTING?**

**REPLACE IT
WITH ORIGINAL
CASCO
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SO SAFE...CASCO
Is standard equipment on 9 out of 10 new cars!

... If your lighter's lost or stolen replace it with another safe Casco "pop-out" knob and element unit for \$1.50

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Yes, now you can get genuine Casco replacement parts—the same safe Casco that manufacturers originally specify in 9 out of 10 new cars. At auto supply stores, service stations and garages wherever you go.

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You get Console Listening

in this luxurious AM-FM table radio with the

"Golden Throat!"



FINEST TONE SYSTEM IN RCA VICTOR HISTORY

The "Golden Throat," RCA Victor's exclusive 3-Way Acoustical system, recently made radio history in thrilling, public tests of tonal fidelity. Read about it in a booklet, available, free, at your RCA Victor dealer's.

When you're in New York, see the radio and electronic wonders at the RCA EXHIBITION HALL. Open free to all, 36 West 49th Street, across from Radio City.

Here's the rounded, resonant tone of a fine console *plus* the compact convenience of a table radio! Here's a larger-than-usual speaker, extra power, extra selectivity—and the extra broadcasting service of Frequency Modulation! You enjoy not only the fine programs of regular, standard radio, but also clear, quiet, static-free reception from all FM stations within range of your home.

There are built-in antennas for both FM and AM; automatic volume and *three-point* tone control. There's even a place to attach a record player like the lightweight, inexpensive RCA Victor 6J. This handy little "platter spinner" can be connected to any radio—and presto, you have a radio-phonograph that plays both 12 inch and 10 inch records with RCA Victor's permanent "Silent Sapphire" pickup. Hear these fine new sets at your RCA Victor dealer's. You really have to hear them to appreciate them!



Your choice of distinctive, "decorator-styled" cabinets. Here's the 68R2, in dainty but durable ivory-finish plastic. At top of page is the 68R3, finished in finest selected walnut veneers. Two other styles also bring you AM and FM radio at their best through the "Golden Throat."

"Victrola" — T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA



RCA VICTOR
DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

All over America
the word for style is
Studebaker

ANNOUNCING
New 1948
Studebakers

TIME flies faster than most of us realize. It's just a little more than eighteen months since you first read the thrilling Studebaker announcement, "Your postwar dream car is here and in production."

Now the 1948 version of that dream car has arrived.

New 1948 Studebakers, including glamorous new Champion and Commander convertibles, are swinging upon the scene at dealers' showrooms.

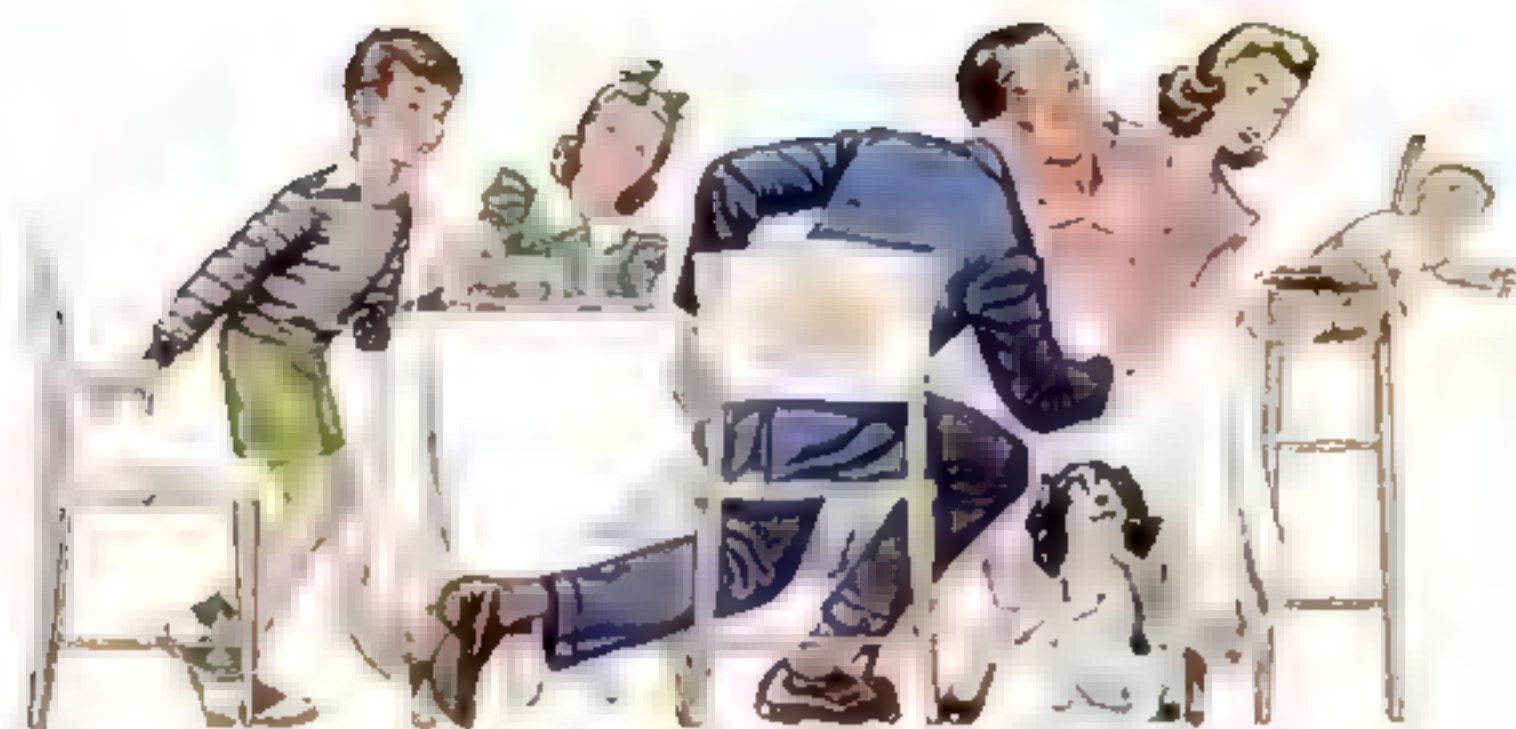
They're more than fresh 1948 interpretations of the "new look" in cars that's a Studebaker style mark. They're the dramatic encore to over a year and a half of the most sensational new-car success in motoring history.

Riding low, wide and handsome straight into the heart of discriminating America, Studebaker styling has established the design pattern for all truly modern cars.

See these latest Studebaker achievements at your first opportunity. They're superb 1948 examples of the new kind of motoring in which Studebaker so impressively and so inspiringly leads.







Its wood-smoky fragrance warms up appetites

AMERICA'S LUXURY BACON

Hand Picked • Sugar Cured • Tender Smoked



The best and
nothing but the best
is labeled

ARMOUR ★

This-n-that on
good eating

BY

Marie Gifford



Director, Armour Consumer Services

Do you know how to cook a *large* amount of bacon—in *less* time—with the *least* watching? For instance, you have company—you're planning bacon 'n' rarebit—you're plenty busy! That's the time to **BAKE** your bacon. It's time-saving, temper-saving!

How to bake bacon. Just place bacon strips on rack in shallow pan with fat edges overlapping the lean edges. Bake on top shelf of oven at 400° F. for 12 to 15 minutes or until crisp. No turning is necessary—all the strips are done at once—and the bacon is *delicious*!



Baby knows best... The way baby goes for Armour Star Bacon proves he certainly *does* know what's good! Good for him, too! Because bacon is the very first meat doctors recommend for babies. It's nutritious, easily digested, a wonderful energy food for your child.

More flavor—less shrinkage. Do you know why Armour Star Bacon is called America's Luxury Bacon? It's *dry* sugar-cured—the slow, sure way. No water or curing solution is added—that's why there's none to cook away!

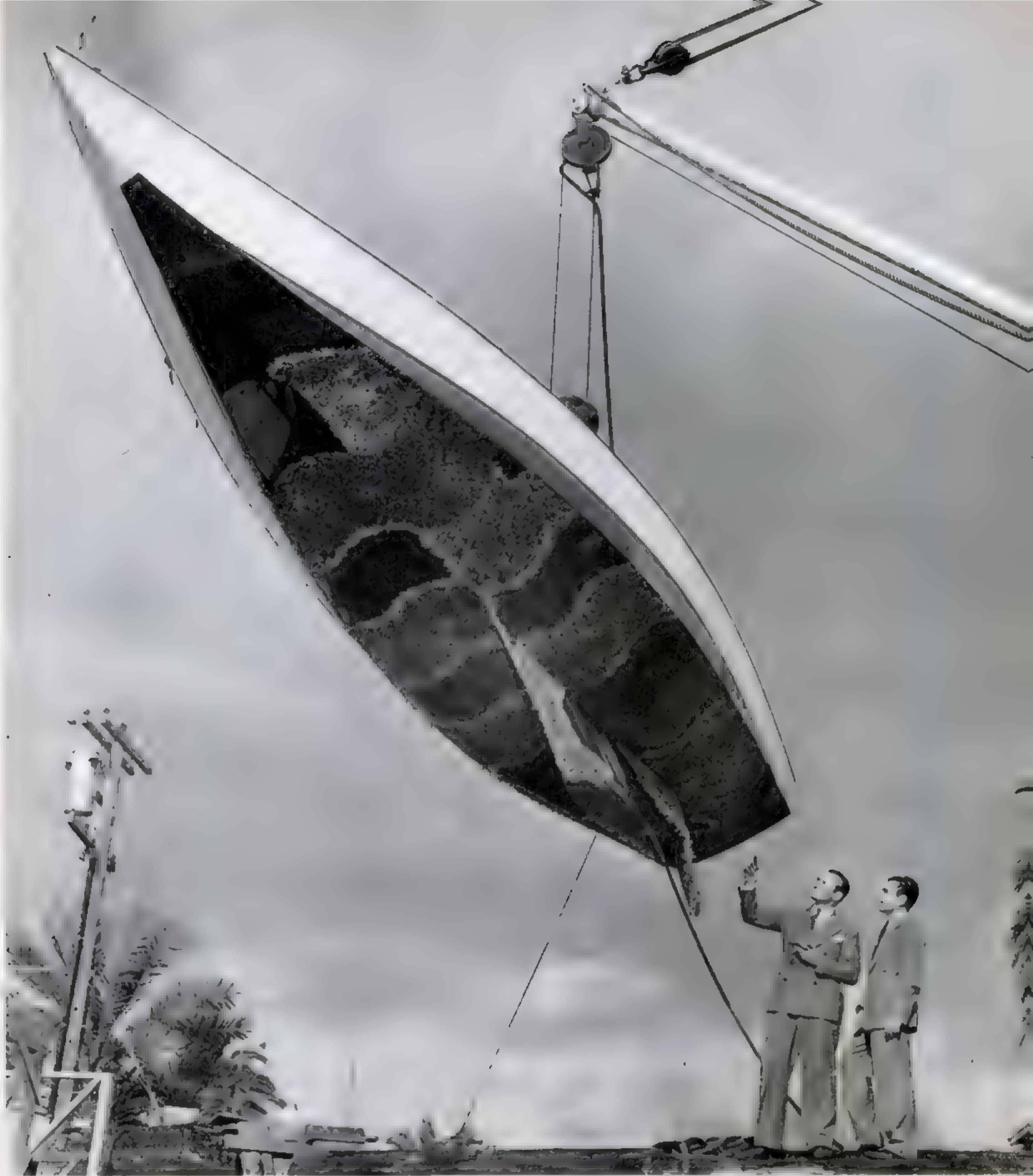


Party deviltry! You can have your fun—and eat, too! Because it doesn't take all day—and all your patience—to make hors d'oeuvres with Armour's Deviled Spreads! Just cut toast and spread! For flair without fuss try Deviled Ham sprinkled with chopped water-cress—Deviled Tongue with capers—Liver Spread on buttered rye toast!



Fit for a king—Fresh frozen asparagus, dripping golden, melted Cloverbloom Butter—that's calculated to make any guest feel like visiting royalty! And you'll find Cloverbloom Butter *always* has the same delicate, delicious flavor—fresh as all outdoors!

Free recipes—For new and interesting bacon recipes—write Marie Gifford, Dept. 209, P. O. Box 2053, Chicago 9, Ill.



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New paint keeps ship bottoms
clean and smooth for two years

Three months before the picture above was taken there were no stripes on the boat's bottom. It had been freshly painted in patches with seven different paints designed to keep barnacles and other marine organisms from growing on it. The boat was then placed in barnacle-infested water at San Diego, Calif. When it was removed, barnacles and other marine forms had grown several inches thick on all the painted patches except those protected by a brand-new kind of antifouling paint.

This new paint, called Navicote Copper, resembles the secret U. S. Navy antifouling paint developed during World War II which kept U.S. ships at sea for two to three years while the Japanese had to drydock their vessels for scraping every few months. It was compounded by Arthur E. Burns Jr. (*right, above*), who helped develop the Navy's paint. With it Burns hopes to reduce sharply the shipping industry's annual \$100 million bill for scraping the lowly barnacle off its collective bottom.

Of America's leading Cigarettes

one is

OUTSTANDING



Have you noticed how many of your friends have changed to PALL MALL? There's a reason.

PALL MALLS are good to look at—good to feel—good to taste—and good to smoke! PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos filters the smoke of this longer, finer cigarette . . . gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

PALL MALL—the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package.

*-and they are
mild!*

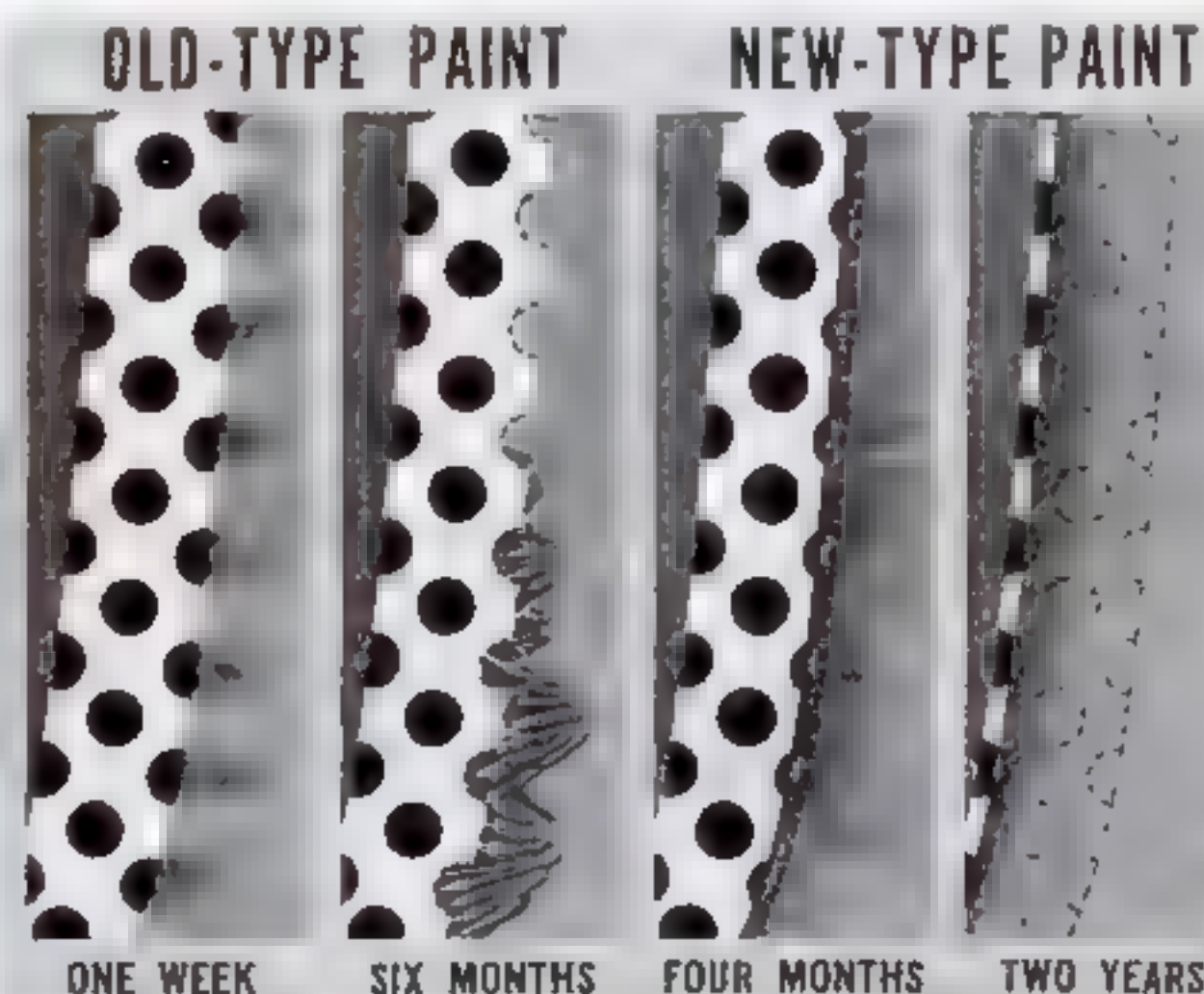
Barnacle Cure CONTINUED



CLUSTER OF BARNACLES forms rock-hard covering on driftwood. Barnacle at top right extends furry cirri with which it sweeps food into mouth.

SLOW POISON IS PAINT'S SECRET

Although it spends most of its life in plantlike repose, a barnacle is really an animal and during growth goes through several stages in which it can swim about freely. During the last of these stages it looks like a tiny clam and attaches itself to some solid object—an oyster shell, pier piling or ship bottom. The rest of its life is spent in adding to a hard, ribbed, cylindrical shell with which it surrounds itself. In clusters of up to 500 a square foot on ship bottoms, barnacles can add several hundred tons to a ship's weight and reduce speed by 50%. Navicote Copper paint keeps barnacles away from ship bottoms by exuding a poison which is contained in tiny particles in the paint. Unlike older antifouling paints, it continues to repel barnacles over a long period of time. This delayed action takes place because Navicote slowly dissolves and constantly exposes new poison particles (below).



CROSS-SECTION DIAGRAMS show how old and new paints work. Extreme left: fresh old-type paint's poison particles (black circles) dissolve, repel barnacles. But paint itself does not dissolve. In six months (second from left) the surface poison is gone, and the barnacles begin to form. Third and fourth diagrams show how the new-type paint dissolves at the same rate as the poison, thereby keeping a fresh supply of poison particles at the surface.



Any car is a better car with
BUTYL INNER TUBES!

COPYRIGHT 1949. ENJAY COMPANY, INC.

and here's why! Whether your car is old or new, large or small, it will become a *better car to drive* the moment you put BUTYL tubes in its tires.

Why is this so? . . . Because *tire performance* is an important part of *car performance*, and BUTYL tubes give better tire performance than any inner tubes ever made before.

BUTYL is the brand name of a tough, elastic, rubber-like substance *especially suited to tire tube use*. All BUTYL produced during the war was used by the armed forces. BUTYL has the remarkable quality of *holding air ten times better* than the best rubber tire tubes ever made!

BUTYL IS BETTER THAN RUBBER FOR TIRE TUBES. With BUTYL tubes, you need check tire air pressure

only 3 or 4 times a year. Your spare stays hard and ready for use for months at a time. You ride longer on tires that do just what your car's designer intended them to do at the correct air pressure he recommended—saving tread wear and gasoline, too!

All tire makers can make BUTYL tubes. Every BUTYL tube has a *blue line* around its side. Look for the BUTYL *blue line* when you buy.

• • •

This advertisement is published in the interest of all companies that have had a part in the perfection of Butyl and Butyl inner tubes. The Standard Oil Development Company invented and developed Butyl and has licensed the U. S. Government to manufacture Butyl and will license others who are interested in its manufacture. The Enjay Company, Inc. does not manufacture or sell Butyl; it acts as technical consultant to manufacturers and to the government.

NO TUBE HOLDS AIR LIKE

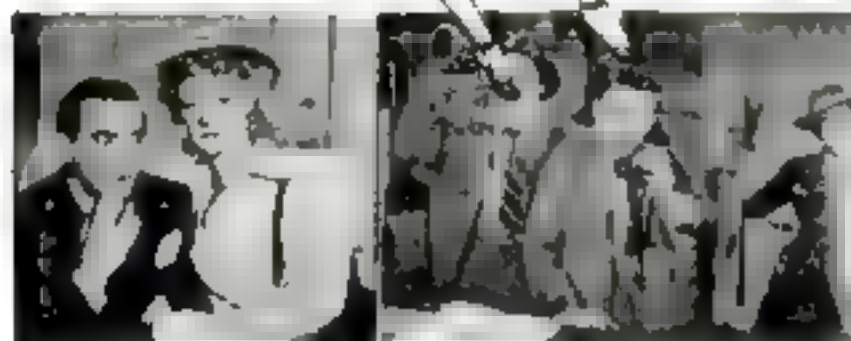


TRADEMARK

Enjay Company, Inc.
 15 West 51st Street, New York 19, N. Y.



*SUSIE SENDS
THEM WOOLY!*



She's a red hot gate...



sly twist of Fate makes



the world's richest showfolks. Make a date



EDDIE CANTOR • JOAN DAVIS

in
"If you knew Susie"

with **ALLYN JOSLYN**

CHARLES DINGLE • BOBBY DRISCOLL

Produced by EDDIE CANTOR • Directed by GORDON M. DOUGLAS
Original Screen Play by Warren Wilson and Oscar Brodney

Hear THESE HITS!
"If You Knew Susie"
"What Do I Want
with Money?"
"We're Living the Life
We Love"
"My, How the Time
Goes By"
"My Brooklyn Love Song"



Love Bird Coffee

ROASTED
THE WORLD
OVER



THE HARTMANS TAKE OFF A RADIO HUSBAND AND WIFE WHO GET UP AT 6:15 WITH GROWLS AND HEADACHES TO BROADCAST A PROGRAM OF CHEERY CHITCHAT

THE HARTMANS

As husband and wife, they spoof
all the other husbands and wives

For years Paul and Grace Hartman, who are husband and wife, have been renowned for their apt and awesome burlesques of fancy ballroom dancing. But not until they opened on Broadway last month in a revue called *Angel in the Wings* have the Hartmans been recognized as wonderfully funny all-around comedians. Their small revue has a few other bright spots—including a No. 1 Hit Parade song, *Civilization*—but the Hartman clowning makes the show a bit. Whether they are giv-

ing a breakfast broadcast (*above and next page*) or a travelog lecture (*p. 37*), the Hartmans portray an American couple in terms that approach a sociological study. Grace is the bright little wife who tries to keep her husband in line. She is the kind of woman who, when her husband has too many cocktails, covers his ungentelemanly hiccups with ladylike laughter. For better or worse, she is a civilizing influence, and though Paul often resents her interference, he tolerates her with uneasy respect.

BRUCIE'S ALWAYS TIRED!
AND HE USED TO LOVE TO DO TRICKS

LET'S ASK DAD ABOUT HIM

HM-M, TIRED OUT? NO PEP? MAYBE THE VETERINARIAN CAN DO SOMETHING

BRUCIE JUST NEEDS A DIET RICH IN MEAT PROTEINS AND MINERALS LIKE **PARD**

HE'S HIS OLD SELF AGAIN SINCE HE'S BEEN ON **PARD**

THE VETERINARIAN WAS SURE RIGHT ABOUT A GOOD BALANCED DIET

Pard made a pard of my dog.

Dog owners, breeders and veterinarians acclaim Pard, the "one-dish-dinner" that's got everything! That's because Swift has based Pard a nutritionally correct formula on feeding studies, scientifically conducted by experts in great research laboratories—no additional meat is ever needed. Get a supply of Pard now.



SWIFT MAKES PARD
rich in meat proteins!

The Hartmans CONTINUED

SNAILS IN FRIED YOGHURT



BREAKFAST BROADCAST by Mr. and Mrs. Upjohn (previous page) shows him grimacing as she starts to read a recipe she learned from chef at "21."



UNHAPPY UPJOHN reels with nausea as his wife recites, "Take raw snails, the kind . . . without horns, sauté slowly in lamb fat and peanut oil. . . ."



ALL BUT OUT, Upjohn hears wife go on: "When partially cooked, fold in fried yoghurt . . . chill before serving . . . Horace! You're not paying attention."

FERTILITY IN A GARDEN CLUB



LECTURERS on tropic customs, the Hartmans are introduced to Salina's Garden Club (Our motto: "Dig Dig Dig") by its Mrs. Schultz (Viola Roache).



IN NATIVE DANCE Mrs. Schultz is persuaded to enact a fertility goddess. She stands, surprised and a little fearful, while Hartmans dance in a frenzy.



CARRIED AWAY by the spirit of fertility, Mrs. Schultz throws herself into her role so wholeheartedly that the wife has to step in to protect her husband.

You'll be Hysterical At Jimmy's Miracle!

Though he's once again out on a limb

It's a wonderful life for our Jim

Mister Stewart's pop-eyes

Simply come from surprise

That a miracle happened to him!

James STEWART

*It's
Hilarious,
It's Lyrical—
A Comedy
Miracle!*

PAULETTE
GODDARD

JAMES
STEWART

HENRY
FONDA

DOROTHY
LAMOUR

FRED
MacMURRAY

BURGESS
MEREDITH

VICTOR
MOORE

HARRY
JAMES

in
Benedict Bogeaus'
**A
MIRACLE
CAN
HAPPEN**

with
William Demarest • Hugh Herbert,
Eduardo Ciannelli • Charles D. Brown
and Dorothy Ford • Carl Switzer • Elene Janssen
Betty Caldwell • Frank Moran • David Wharf
Screenplay by Laurence Stallings and Van Heister
Original Story by Arch Oboler
James Stewart • Henry Fonda material by John C. Hays
Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS and BURGESS MEREDITH
Directed by Henry Victor and Leslie Bentson
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

...and that's not all—see next week's *Life*

The Book of Hours

The world's most famous calendar was painted 500 years ago for the Duc de Berry. LIFE here presents its twelve great pages

At the dawn of a new year, when new calendars are being hung up all over the world, LIFE presents the most famous calendar of all time. It is the surpassingly beautiful Book of Hours made for the Duc de Berry, one of the greatest private art patrons of the Middle Ages. The 12 calendar paintings in the book are reproduced on the following pages a little larger than actual size.

The book was begun about the year 1409 when the French duke, who was then 69, announced that he refused to die until he owned the handsomest Book of Hours ever created. Like all books of hours it was to contain religious texts, such as prayers to the Virgin and psalms of penitence, as well as a calendar and devotions for every week of the year. Each month was to be illustrated with signs of the zodiac and charts of the moon's phases. To do a job that would outdo all others, the duke commissioned his Flemish-born court artist, Pol de Limbourg, the famous medieval illuminator. Pol and his two brothers set to work. They ground up lapis lazuli to make brilliant blue pigment. They embellished every picture with purest gold. In careful detail they created a panorama of medieval life, complete from the embroidery on a lady's sleeve to the inquisitive look in a hound's eye.

Working for seven years, the Limbourg brothers finished 10½ pages. Then the duke died and his heirs, who were horrified by the old man's lifelong extravagance, called a halt to the Book of Hours. In 1485, after the unfinished manuscript had fallen into the hands of the Duc de Savoie, the paintings were completed by another superb artist, Jean Colombe. Jean did the foreground of the September page and the entire illustration for November. The finished book, one of France's most exquisite art treasures, is now kept in the Condé Museum at Chantilly.

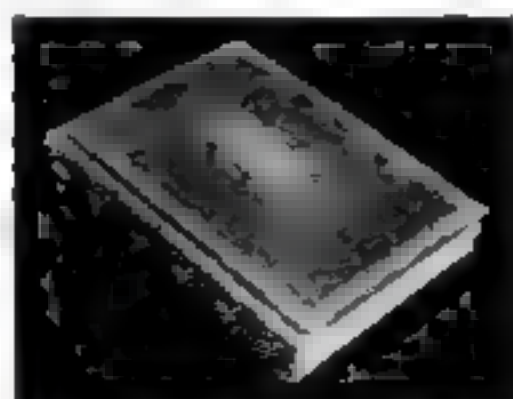
Aside from its artistic worth the Book of Hours is valuable for the light that it throws on its first owner, the Duc de Berry, who is seen on the opposite page at his banquet table. As a brother of King Charles V of France, he owned most of northwestern France. His many palaces are painted on the pages of his book. Like an American tycoon shuttling across country from one branch office to another,

the Duc de Berry was forever moving among his estates, enjoying the hunting at Vincennes, boating at Poitiers or overseeing the constructions he had ordered at Bourges or Riom. Building was as much a passion with the duke as art collecting. He hired the famous architect, Guy de Dammartin, to supervise all construction. The distracted architect was always in hot pursuit of his peripatetic patron and scarcely had time to organize the materials and craftsmen at one chateau before he was forced to supervise a job at the next royal residence.

The duke's collecting instinct led him to assemble a museum of oddities such as a whale's tooth, a porcupine quill, "the jaw of a giant" (probably an elephant's molar), ostrich eggs and a "horn" from the mythical unicorn. His menagerie, which included a special aviary for nightingales, was stocked with swans, dogs and a favorite bear that followed its master from castle to castle in a small chariot. Ailing pets were treated with ointments and plasters, and any dog suffering from rabies was plunged into sea water, then considered the best cure.

The staff of the ducal household was big enough to fill a town. At the chateau of Mehun alone was Simonet Garnier, keeper of greyhounds; Simonet Besançon, keeper of dogs; abbess of Villiers, keeper of little dogs; Jean d'Espagne, keeper of the chamois; Henri Bar, keeper of the dromedary, and Guillaume Merlin, keeper of the ostrich. The ducal retinue also included bands of musicians, gardeners, tailors, embroiderers, clockmakers, glassmakers and a character (who may have been the town idiot), pleasantly known as "Jehannet le Fol, hermit of the lord."

To maintain such an assemblage, the duke was constantly conniving for money and constantly in debt. He even denied his daughters a proper dowry in order to make life easy for his nightingales. In his last years the Paris rabble, who had hated the duke for his profligacy, pillaged his chateau in the suburb of Bicêtre and were always howling at his gates. His wealth had all but vanished from his hands. Only the Book of Hours, which perpetuated the brilliance of his court and his times, remained to gladden his final days.



THE BOOK OF HOURS



January

In the first of the series of miniatures, the artist shows the duke and his court sitting down to a meal on a bright January day. The duke himself, in a blue, gold-embroidered gown and fur hat, is seated in front of a tapestry depicting historic battle scenes. While he chats with his red-robed priest

the court chamberlain, with staff of office, invites a queue of courtiers to approach and receive New Year's gifts from the duke. Strapping young knights of the court informally sample the board's fare of roast game and fowl as two small puppies roam the table at will and gobble from the same dishes.

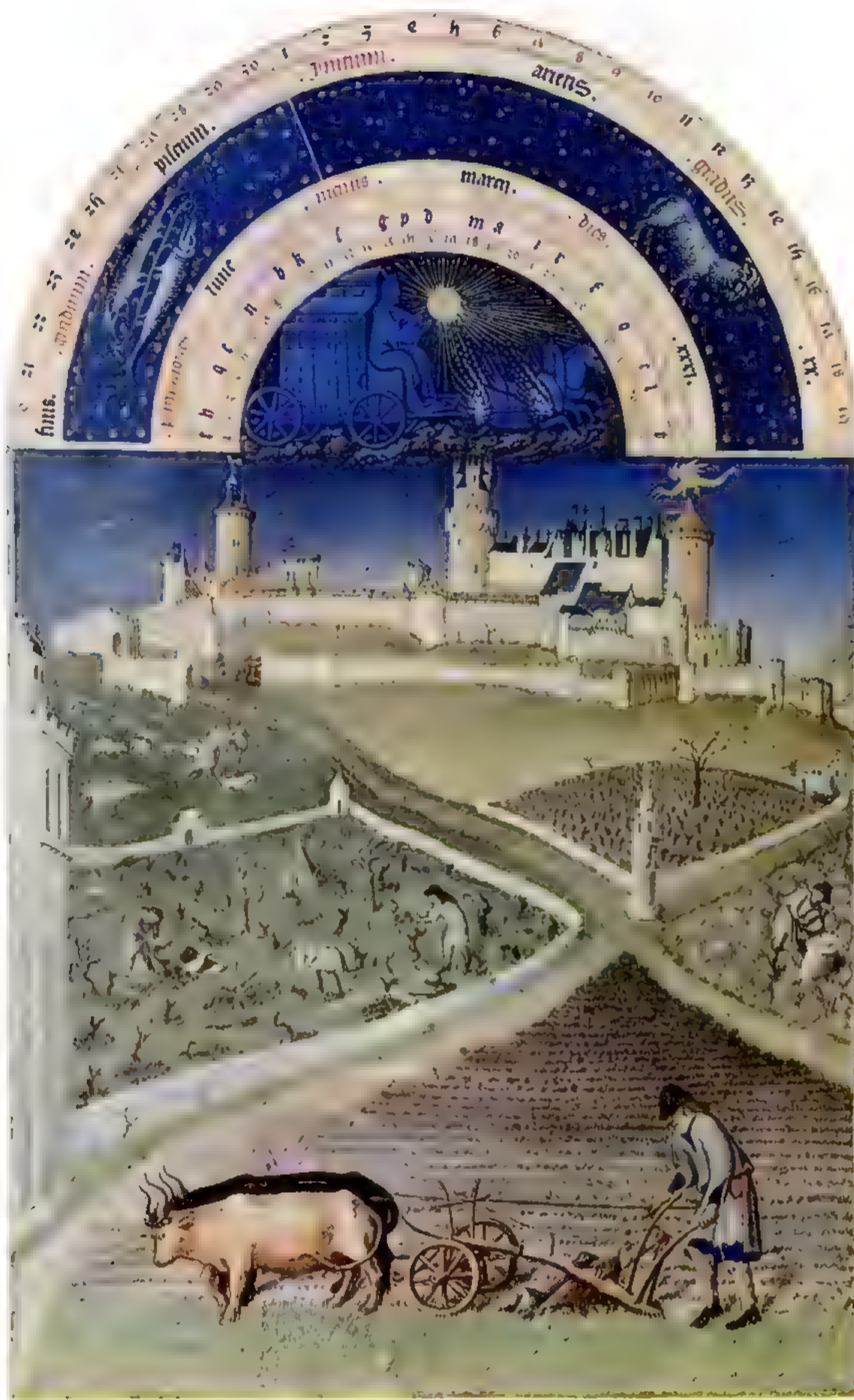
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February

On a bitter-cold mid-winter day a red-capped peasant and his womenfolk warm themselves at the open hearth while another (right), blowing on chilled fingers, hastens back to the hut through the barnyard. In the forest nearby a young man hews wood for the farmhouse fire. Along the path to the village

another peasant prods his fagot-laden donkey. In the tympanum above this scene is inscribed in illuminated Latin letters the Julian calendar for February, the month of Aquarius the water-bearer and Pisces the fishes. Across the blue sky rides Phoebus, the sun god, in his chariot drawn by winged horses.



March

In the very first days of spring the duke's peasants are out plowing with their yoke of oxen and trimming the grapevines. These are the fields around the Château de Lusignan, one of the Duc de Berry's favorite residences. This castle is famous as the setting for a delightful French fairy tale about a

sorely bewitched noblewoman named Mélusine who every Saturday became a serpent from her waist down. When her husband, Raymondin, Count of Lusignan, discovered her plight, she was turned into a dragon (*upper right*) and forced to spend the rest of her days haunting the castle towers.



April

On the meadows of the Château de Dourdan, court maidens kneel in their flowing robes to pick spring wildflowers. At left, the noble in the red velvet cap and the young lady with the long golden hair plight their troth by exchanging rings in the presence of witnesses. In the walled garden at right, fruit trees,

bound and trimmed, are just bursting into bloom. Two fishermen haul their net in the small lake in front of the fortress. Inside these high walls the Duc de Berry kept some of the choicest samples of his goldsmiths' art as well as many of the valuable illuminated volumes from his great medieval library.



May

The festival of the first of May and the full flowering of spring was celebrated by the Duc de Berry's gallant company, as it was in other courts of medieval France, by the wearing of "gay green" dresses and garlands of leaves. Here a cavalcade rides through the woods beneath the towers of Riom behind

a troupe of merry trumpeters. The occasion is graced by the presence of a prince of the royal blood, dressed in the king's colors—black, white and red. Two dogs in foreground seem to be same two puppies, now four months older and much larger, that dined on the duke's table in the January miniature.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



June

From the Hôtel de Nesles, the Duc de Berry's Paris residence on the left bank of the Seine, the duke could look down in the month of June on this gentle agrarian scene just west of the Ile de la Cité. Beyond the peasants cutting and gathering in hay and across the river rises the royal palace occupied

by King Charles VI before he moved to the Louvre. The royal palace still stands today as the Palais de Justice which houses the French high courts of law. To the left, within the palace grounds, are the twin orange towers of the prison; at right, the cross and Gothic spires of the Sainte-Chapelle.



July

In the rich land around the Château de Poitiers, which was built in the shape of a triangle where the Clain and the Boivre rivers meet, the duke's farmers are shearing sheep and reaping the July wheat with its scattering of wild poppies. First built in the late 12th Century, Poitiers was remodeled for the

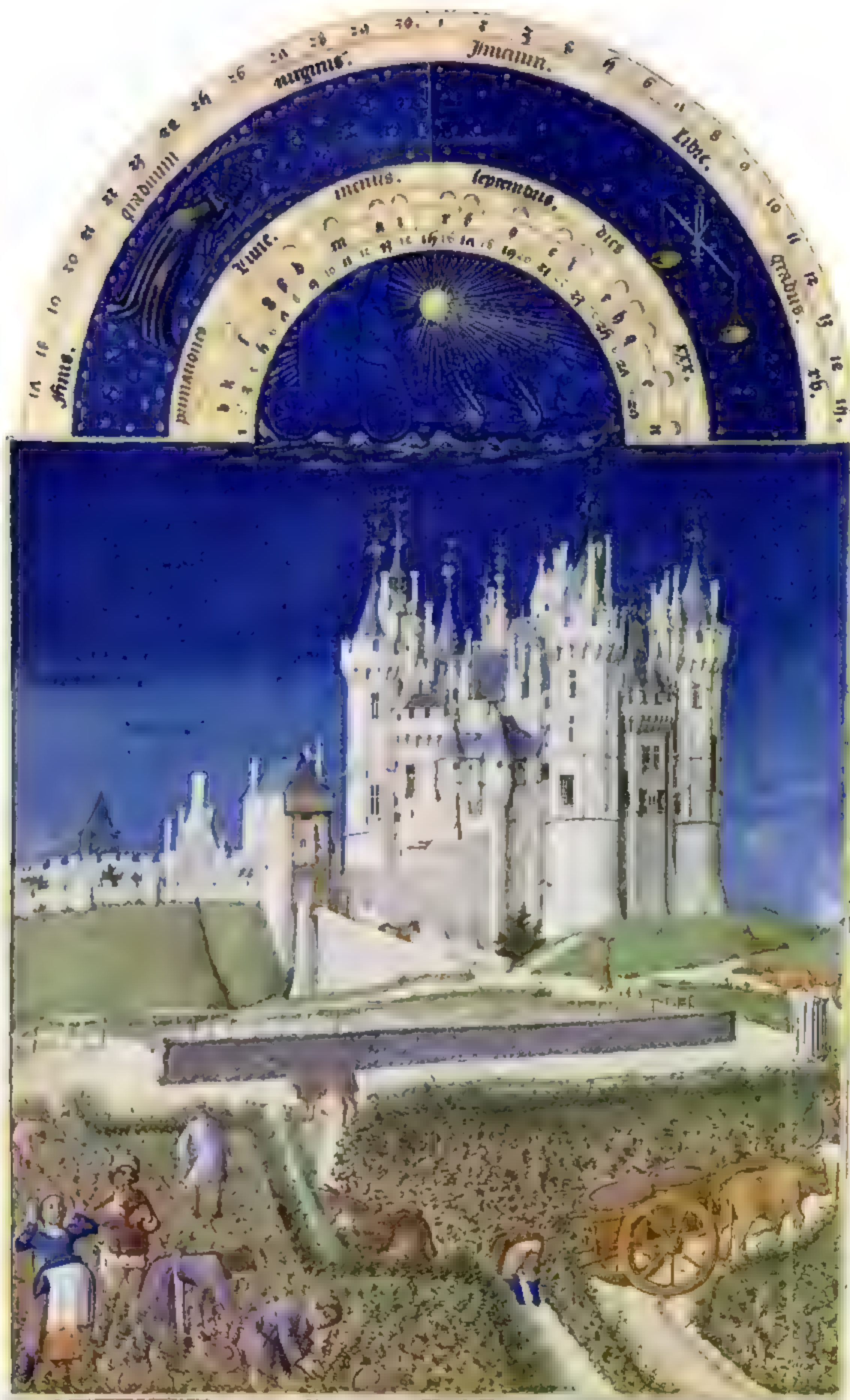
duke by a celebrated medieval castle architect named Guy de Dammartin. After the Duc de Berry's death, King Charles VII moved to Poitiers in 1423. The Château served as this fainthearted French king's court until Joan of Arc finally prevailed on him to engage the English at siege of Orléans in 1429.



August

In late summer, falconry was one of the most popular sports with medieval gentry. Here, not far from Paris, they ride out to the hunt near the duke's Château d'Etampes, of which the tall keep in center still remains. Leading the hunt on foot is the falconer, who carries a leech at his waist and two hunting

hawks on his wrist. His dogs are trained to point the game before the falcons are released. The first gentleman, with the lady riding behind him, has just sent his falcon after a pheasant or a hare. In the fields around the château peasants are harvesting the wheat in between cooling dips in the small stream.



September

This miniature of the Château de Saumur at grape-harvesting time is the combined work of two different artists, each with his own individual style. When the Duc de Berry died, Pol de Limbourg had not yet completed his work on the September and November pages of the calendar. Sixty-nine years

later the Duc de Savoie, who fell heir to the Book of Hours, commissioned Artist Jean Colombe to complete them. In this September scene Limbourg painted the castle itself while Colombe later added the gay peasants gathering purple grapes in the vineyards, which still produce the wines of Saumur.



October

From his Paris residence the Duc de Berry had a magnificent view over the Seine of the Louvre as it appeared after King Charles V had enlarged and remodeled it. On this sunny October afternoon in the 15th Century, citizens of Paris promenade along the river bank in front of the palace just as they

do today. In the duke's flat meadows on the Left Bank, harrowing and sowing of grain for the early spring crops has already begun. In a field already sown with grain, a network of strings hung with flapping white rags and a scarecrow disguised as an archer have been placed to discourage the birds.



November

This realistic scene which might have taken place on any of the duke's estates throughout western France is entirely the work of Artist Jean Colombe. He does full justice to the stocky French peasants and the vibrant colors of late autumn. Here a swineherd hurls his heavy stick into the bright branches of

a forest of oak trees to bring down a shower of acorns for his hogs. These long-snouted swine resemble their ancestor, the wild pig, which was first domesticated thousands of years before. Fattened on the fall harvest of nuts, the hogs will soon be slaughtered and salted down as the duke's staple winter fare.

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December

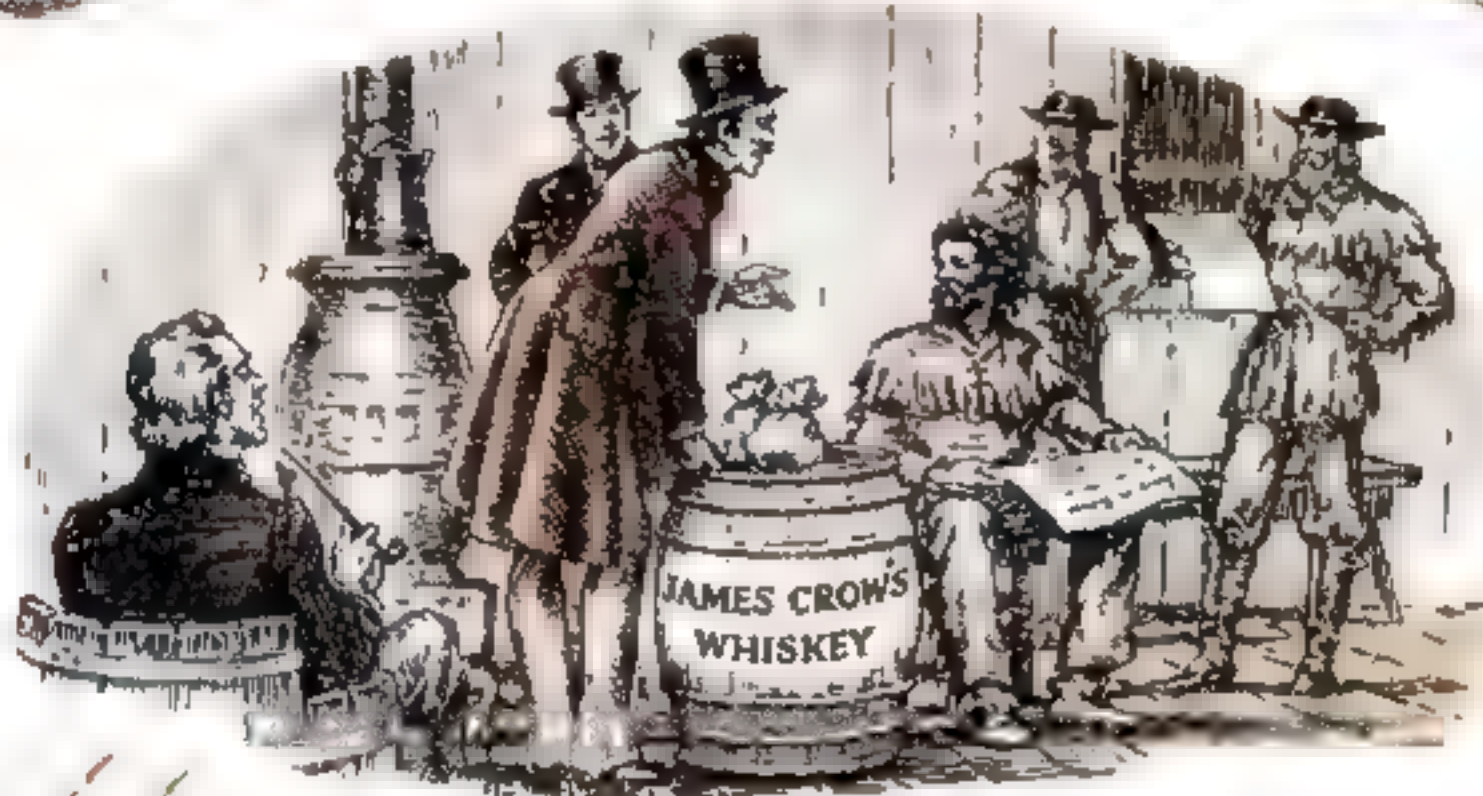
On a frosty morning in the forest of Vincennes near Paris, a wild boar is brought to bay by the duke's huntsmen. One of the ravenous pack of hunting hounds has to be pulled off by the ears to prevent its tearing the prey apart. Over the tawny winter woods, beyond this view of the kill, rise the tall keep

and seven square towers of Vincennes, an enormous castle begun in 1164 by Louis VII where, in 1340, the Duc de Berry was born. This succulent boar which once roamed wild in the duke's native woods ended its day, in the month of Christmas, served up almost whole on the duke's banquet table.



Those in the know...ask for

OLD CROW



"Money on the barrel-head"...and the barrel was often James Crow's Whiskey

When America's railroad builders bought their rights of way into the West, many a bargain was sealed with a round of Old Crow...then, as now, a whiskey to which "those in the know" paid high respect.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT - BOTTLED IN BOND

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES





F is for laughter!

—three solid hours of
Fun for the **F**amily
each **F**riday on CBS!

From giggles to gales of laughter...for three solid hours of family fun...for a really good time...listen to your favorite **CBS** station this Friday evening and every Friday evening.

A whole new line-up of the very best in radio comedy has been arranged for you. A half-hour with the inimitable **FANNY BRICE** as "Baby Snooks". And a half-hour with a great, new radio comedian — **DANNY THOMAS**. And a half-hour of deep chuckles when **FRANK MORGAN**, **DON AMECHE** and **FRANCES LANGFORD** mix mirth and melody. And a half-hour of family laughter with **OZZIE** and **HARRIET** and their irrepressible sons. And a half-hour of quiz-fun with "**IT PAYS TO BE IGNORANT**". And then a half-hour of music-fun with **SPIKE JONES**, his orchestra, and **DOROTHY SHAY**.

So...make it a family fun-date this Friday on CBS beginning 8:00 p.m. in the Eastern Time Zone; 7:00 p.m. in the Central Time Zone; 6:00 p.m. in the Mountain Time Zone; 6:00 p.m. in the Pacific Time Zone. There's fun for everyone!

THE **COLUMBIA** BROADCASTING SYSTEM





DURING HIS CAMPAIGN FOR PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION THE SENATOR (WILLIAM POWELL) GETS AN HONORARY DEGREE FROM A COLLEGE OF ANIMAL HUSBANDRY

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Senator Was Indiscreet

William Powell plays a fathead who wants to be president in a goodhearted kidding of American politics

Carefully timed to coincide with the usual preconvention jockeying of presidential aspirants, *The Senator Was Indiscreet* ridicules a common political animal: the candidate who says he is not a candidate. The senator in question is Melvin Cassaway Ashton, a fatheaded, old-fashioned lawmaker of unnamed state and party affiliation who decides that he has as much right to the White House as anybody else.

To win support from party big shots, Senator Ashton threatens that his secretly kept diary, an undiluted record of political dirty work, will be released to the public if the party fails to help him. Seeking public support, Ashton makes a whirlwind, "nonpolitical" tour of the country (following pages), blandly promising everything to everybody. Some sample vote-getters: refund of all income taxes, with interest; a federal education program to send every man, woman and child in the U.S. through Harvard, a \$5,000 bonus for everyone who did not serve in the war. With a platform like this, he naturally returns home a cinch for

nomination and election. Then Senator Ashton's diary mysteriously falls into opposition hands and the fat is in the fire.

This loud horselaugh at American politics was cooked up by three of the nation's funniest fellows: Universal-International Producer Nunnally Johnson (*Holy Matrimony*), who is one of Hollywood's leading wits; Playwright Charles MacArthur (*The Front Page*), and George S. Kaufman, coauthor of a score of Broadway hits (*You Can't Take It with You*) and director of the movie. Full of good gags, it has an excellent performance by William Powell as the crooked but endearing political hack who nearly gets nominated. Only real fault is that *The Senator Was Indiscreet* too often deserts satire for slapstick. With a little more subtlety and a little less good humor, it might have been a memorable mocking of the nation's office-holding Boob McNutts and the public which saves its loudest cheers for the biggest fak-ers. As it stands, *The Senator* is just 81 minutes of highly satisfactory but fairly forgettable laughs.



LOVE INTEREST is provided by Peter Lind Hayes, who likes the senator, and Ella Raines, who doesn't.

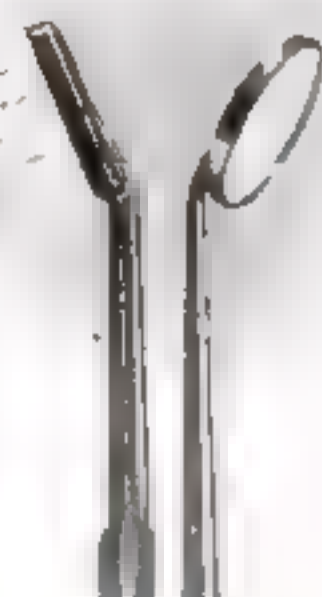
even
children
find

this
angle
brush
easier
to use

SQUIBB ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH

bent like a dentist's mirror
to reach more places

SQUIBB...a name you can trust



"The Senator Was Indiscreet" —HITPAPER



THE SENATOR WOOS has been called on again for his services. He promises tycoons a labor bill that will let a good worker



INDIANS earn an easy \$100 inducing Senator Ashton into their trap and refuse to smoke a peace pipe with him because the tobacco makes them sick



AT COUNTRY FAIR Ashton promises to look further into the question of crop rotation when he gets a good eyeful of the girl chosen Miss Tomato Juice



two days' pay. His promises to labor consist of a two-day week (for eight days' pay), a two-week month and a four-month year, portal-to-portal-to-portal.



QUIZ PROGRAM for children has the senator as a guest star. When *The Star-Spangled Banner* is played, he quickly identifies it as *God Bless America*.



FIRM STAND on all public issues is taken by Ashton. He also comes out flatly against opium smoking, deplores injustice, says, "Earthquakes must go!"

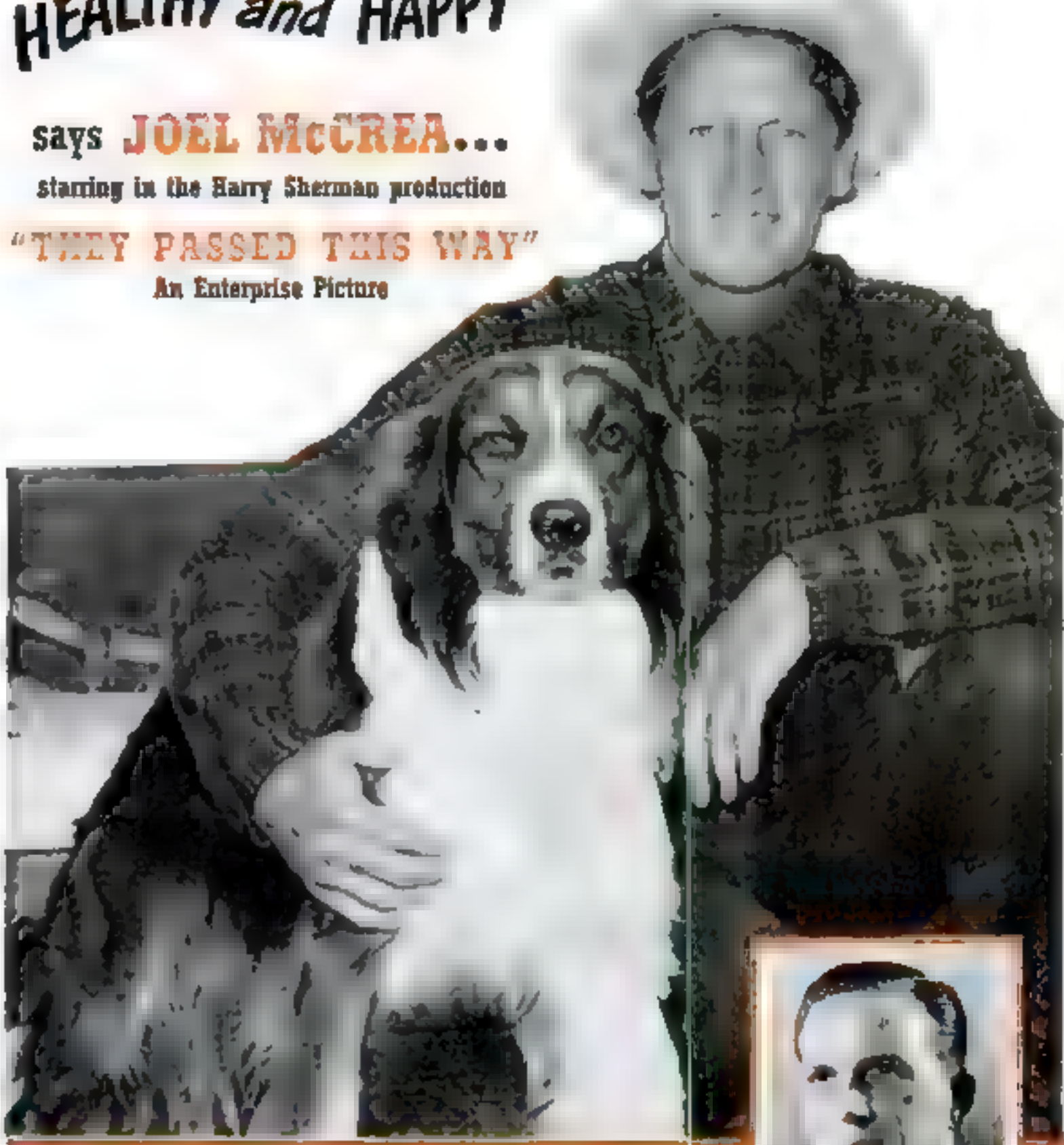
**"FRISKIES keeps 'FOX'
HEALTHY and HAPPY"**

says **JOEL MCCREA...**

starring in the Harry Sherman production

"THEY PASSED THIS WAY"

An Enterprise Picture



"In my kennel, puppies start on Friskies as soon as they're weaned. The healthy development of our dogs is startling. Yes, Friskies builds champions! For strong, healthy dogs, feed Friskies," says Porter Washington, San Fernando, Calif., famous show dog handler and breeder.

A BALANCED DIET that SAVES YOU MONEY!

FRISKIES IS A COMPLETE FOOD for your dog—whether he's a hard worker like Joel McCrea's "Fox," or your own devoted companion. This tested food supplies a balanced combination of *every element* dogs need—including essential vitamins, minerals, and proteins. Very important, too, your dog will *like* Friskies.

FEED YOUR DOG COMPLETELY—AND SAVE OVER ONE-HALF! Friskies costs less than half as much to feed as leading brands of canned dog

food. For example, the average American Farm Collie can be fed *completely* on Friskies for about \$1.13 a week—instead of about \$2.71 for most canned foods. Imagine... a saving of \$82.16 a year—when you feed Friskies!

Friskies is the largest-selling brand of dog food in the West—and is fast becoming a favorite throughout the country. Feed *both* Friskies Meal and Friskies Cubes—for variety.



A Carnation Quality Product

© CARNATION CO. 1947



AT LIFE CLASS two students sit on a rooftop and sketch model stretched on native rug. In the background is the town of San Miguel de Allende, with its three big churches.

The gothic steeple (*left background*) is part of the town's cathedral which was copied by an illiterate Mexican architect from a postcard picture of the cathedral at Cologne.



MATERIAL FOR ANATOMY STUDIES IS PLENTIFUL AT CEMETERY WHERE MANY OLD BONES HAVE BEEN UNEARTHED. STUDENT IS LORETTA HARDESTY OF BUTTE, MONT.

GI PARADISE

Veterans go to Mexico to study art, live cheaply and have a good time

To GI students in U.S. colleges, crowding into Quonset huts and scrimping on their \$65-a-month government subsistence, the Escuela Universitaria de Bellas Artes in Mexico would be paradise. The Escuela is a fine-arts school, accredited under the GI Bill of Rights, to which 50 U.S. veterans and their wives have come to study painting, ceramics, murals, sculpture and languages. They find it very pleasant in the quiet little town of San Miguel de Allende, up in the mountains north of Mexico City. The air is crisp, the flowers are bright, the sun is warm, apartments are \$10 a month, servants are \$8 a month, good rum or brandy is 65¢ a quart, cigarettes are 10¢ a package.

In spite of this easy living, a lot of work gets done. The school's discipline is very informal, but the serious-minded students shame the flighty ones to their easels and sculptors' tools on even the laziest days. In the evenings, after work, all of them get together and drum up their own night life. When their parties are too successful, the parish priest floods the village next day with pamphlets sternly condemning the revelry as unseemly in San Miguel.



AT A PARTY students sit around on a terrace and listen to mariachi and violin music. Sometimes when they feel

more strenuous they go rabbit hunting in jeeps. One girl has taken up bull fighting, is a promising picador.

THIS YEAR - WE'RE GOING TO SEE ALL OF FLORIDA!



"We've been to Florida before—twice!

"But last night when Helen and I were looking at the new Florida booklet, we realized we'd been missing something—and maybe you have, too! Before we had turned half of its 48 colorful pages, we discovered interesting places we'd never seen and exciting things we'd never done.

"So this year, as part of our Florida vacation, we're going to take a leisurely trip around the state and see ALL of Florida."



Take your Florida vacation now!

Imagine! In a matter of days you'll be soaking up healthful sunshine. Relaxing on the warm sands of beaches, swimming, fishing, playing golf. You'll crowd sunny days with outdoor sports and recreation, fill tropical nights with gay diversions. You'll be having worlds of summer fun right in the middle of winter!

Enjoy ALL of Florida this year! For a delightful adventure, plan a sight-seeing tour of the state. Visit historic landmarks, exotic gardens, famous springs and Florida's many other unique attractions. Wherever you go in Florida, you'll have fun in the sun. You'll return home rested, refreshed, and feeling like a sun-tanned million dollars.

LOOK TWICE AT FLORIDA!
While you're traveling around the state, note Florida's constantly increasing industrial and agricultural development. Check up on the many plus factors of a Florida location. There may be a sunnier future here for you -- and your business.

COME TO

FLORIDA
THE SUNSHINE STATE



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

State of Florida, 233 Commission Building
Tallahassee, Florida

Please send me new, free, 48-page, full-color booklet: "Florida, The Sunshine State."

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Please print name and address clearly)

GI Paradise CONTINUED



\$20-A-MONTH APARTMENT occupied by Jean and Fielder Slingluff of California has a large living room downstairs and this kitchen-bedroom-bath-room upstairs. He was an Air Force captain, she a Wac. Both get GI allowances.



\$10-A-MONTH APARTMENT is rented by Mr. and Mrs. John Roberts of Wisconsin. It is comfortable, although the plumbing is primitive. Decorations on ceiling were left over from party. Roberts lost most of right arm in Italy.



UNIVERSITY'S MAIN BUILDING is the old convent of Las Monjas. Here, two students examine a sketch as others walk down arched corridors which border the patio. Mural on the rear wall is work of one of the students.

Pancake Variety Show by Ann Pillsbury



DAZZLING DESSERT

By way of demonstrating the wide variety of its talents, Pillsbury Pancake Mix stars here in an utterly new, unforgettably delicious dessert. If you know how light and delicate Pillsbury pancakes are, your mouth will water at the very thought of this dainty confection—flavored with chocolate and nuts and served piping hot with melting, foamy sauce.

Ann Pillsbury's CHOCOLATE-NUT PANCAKES

Makes twenty-four 3-inch pancakes.

- | | |
|---|---|
| Combine... 1 1/4 cups Pillsbury Pancake Mix | Serve... with Foamy Sauce |
| 1/2 cup sugar | Foamy Sauce |
| 1/2 cup chopped nuts | Beat... 3 egg yolks until thick |
| Blend together... 1 1/4 cups milk | Add gradually... 1/4 cup sifted confectioners' sugar |
| 1 egg, well beaten | Add... 1/2 teaspoon vanilla |
| one half of liquid to dry ingredients, mix well. | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| Blend in... 1 square chocolate, melted | 1 cup cream, whipped (1 bill) |
| remaining liquid. | Note: Or serve warm, with a hard sauce or cream cheese sauce. |
| Add on hot lightly greased griddle, turn only once. | |
| Bake | |

FOR BREAKFAST, just add milk or water to Pillsbury Pancake Mix—stir—and bake the lightest, temptingest pancakes ever! For variety, try Pillsbury Buckwheat Pancake Mix, too.



EXCITING ENTREE

Surprised and delighted appetites shout "Bravo!" when Pillsbury pancakes play the new, exciting parts Ann Pillsbury assigns to them. Here, for example, is a piquant South-of-the-Border number that goes over big as a wintertime supper dish or at a Mexican flavored party. Economical, because pancakes and pork share the honors, easy to make, because Pillsbury Pancake Mix is ready-prepared. You'll have to try this unique pancake dish to discover what grand eating it is!

Ann Pillsbury's MEXICAN ROLL-UPS

Makes 12 roll-ups.

- | | |
|--|---|
| Pan fry... 2 cups (1 lb.) ground lean pork until brown. Remove from pan. | Add... to dry ingredients and mix until smooth. |
| Brown... 1/2 cup chopped onion in 2 tablespoons pork drippings until tender. | Bake... on hot, lightly greased griddle, turn only once. Use about 1/4 cup batter for each pancake. |
| Add... 2 1/4 cups (one No. 2 can) tomatoes | Spread... 1/4 cup meat sauce on each pancake. |
| 1 teaspoon salt | Roll... as for jelly roll. Place rolls in well greased 9x12 inch pan. |
| 2 teaspoons chili powder | Cover... with remaining meat sauce. |
| 1 clove garlic, sliced | Bake... in moderately hot oven (400° F.) for 10 to 12 minutes or until cheese is melted. |
| 1/2 teaspoon pepper | Serve. |
| browned pork | |
| Simmer... for about 10 minutes. Use as filling for pancakes. | |
| Combine... 1 1/4 cups Pillsbury Pancake Mix | |
| 1/2 cup Pillsbury Corn Meal | |
| Blend together... 1 egg, slightly beaten | |
| 2 cups milk | |

Note: These roll-ups may be prepared in advance and kept warm in the oven or reheated.

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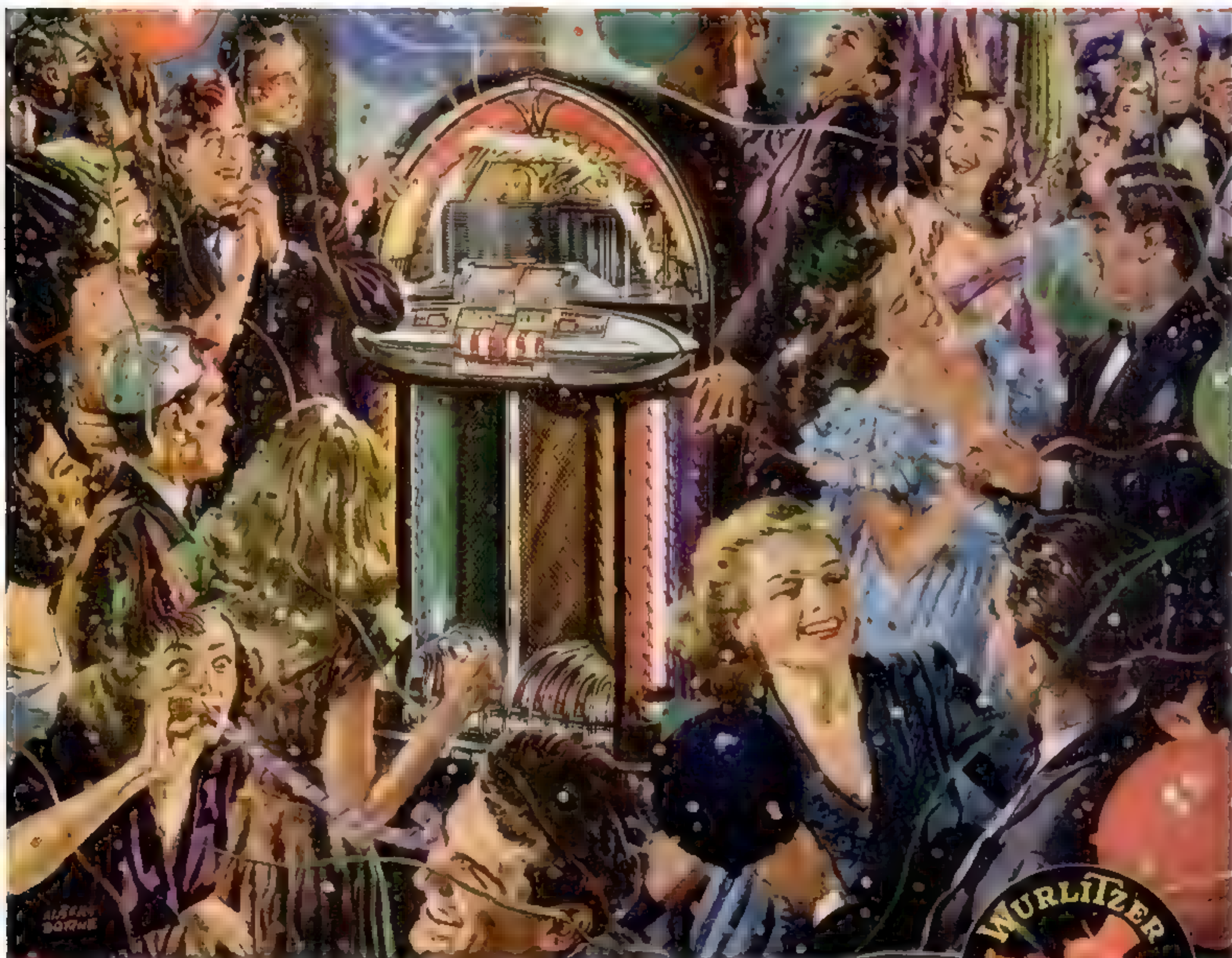
Now
in these
New
Packages
at
your
Grocer's!



The Blend with no end of uses!



Always the Life of the Party



Musical Fun for Everyone

Start the New Year right by having fun! Get your group together. Head for a place that has Wurlitzer Music. Along with you goes a tuneful guarantee of a grand and glorious time.

Nothing like these gay music makers to prove the life of the party. Hit tunes. Top entertainers. Laughter and fun galore.

You'll leave with a new resolution . . . a promise to spend more fun-filled hours in '48 where they have Wurlitzer Music. The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, North Tonawanda, N. Y. ★★ See Phonograph Section of Classified Telephone Directory for names of Wurlitzer Music Merchants.

The Sign of the Musical Note identifies places where you can have fun playing a Wurlitzer.



THE NAME THAT MEANS *Music* TO MILLIONS

The music of Wurlitzer pianos, accordions, commercial phonographs and electronic organs is heard "round the world." The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company is America's largest manufacturer of pianos all sold under one name — also the nation's largest, best known producer of juke boxes and accordions.



AT THE FOOT OF A LUXURIANT GREEN MOUNTAIN A SCHOOL OF DEAD WHALES BLOODIES THE WATERS OF THE FAEROE ISLAND INLET WHERE THEY WERE DRIVEN

BIG WHALE KILL

Speared in North Atlantic harbor, they color sea with their blood

More than a century ago, before the famous whaling ships pursued them around the world, whales were so numerous that fishermen could row out and kill them a little way off shore. Today the big whales have retreated to the Antarctic, still hunted by a few steam-driven factory ships. But in the waters around the Faeroe Islands, 650 miles northwest of Denmark, there are still some schools of smaller pilot whales.

They are usually sighted by the fishermen, far out over the cod grounds. The word is quickly sent to shore and a whole fleet turns out for the kill. Surrounding a school of whales, the Faeroe Islanders herd them, just like sheep, into a shallow harbor. There, as the trapped whales thrash about, spearmen start the slaughter. As the whales are stuck, their blood colors the water, blinding them and preventing their escape. Within an hour the water is still again (*above*) and the whole harbor is a bright red. The cumbersome beasts are then hauled ashore and cut up into meat, most of which will feed the islanders through the long winter.



KNEE-DEEP IN BLOODY WATER, fishermen put a hook into a whale's head so it can be dragged ashore.

Because law requires all the onlookers to help haul the whales in, the whole town closes up for the occasion

Now! 3 Sizes of Modess!

to meet every woman's needs



- **Modess Regular** in the familiar blue box. Ideal for average needs — it's the size most women use. A luxury napkin — so soft, so comfortable, 8 out of 10 women in a recent test reported: *no chafing with Modess!* And wonderfully absorbent!



- **Modess Junior** in the green box. A slightly narrower napkin. For women and girls of all ages who find a smaller napkin more comfortable and amply protective. Modess Junior size gives you the same luxury softness and protection as Regular size Modess.



- **Modess Super** in the orchid box. Extra absorbent, extra protective — yet soft and light as a cloud. Ideal for days when you need above-average protection. Every Modess Super (Regular and Junior sizes, too) has a full-length safety shield.

Product of Personal Products Corporation • Makers of Modess, Meds, Co-ets, Yes Tissues, Sanitary Belts

All 3 sizes — Now on sale at your favorite store

PEOPLE

TEN SECONDS BEFORE DEATH this woman posed for a portrait of a suicide. On Dec. 22 Mrs. Patricia Brody, a 36-year-old Chicago elevator operator, called the *Chicago Times* and said she was going to commit suicide. While newsmen kept her on the phone for 20 minutes, two policemen and a *Times* photographer hurried to her West Side apartment. When they arrived Mrs. Brody said there must be some mistake; she had made no call for help. Despite Mrs. Brody's hysteria and the fresh gashes on her face, the policemen left. But the photographer stayed to get his picture. Just as he took this anguished portrait, she brushed by him, leaped out the third-story window to her death.



HUNTING SCENE shows President Zoltan Tildy of Hungary (*center foreground*) and Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia (*second from right*) relaxing from affairs of state on a shooting party.

The picture was made on Dec. 13 while Marshal Tito was paying a delicate state visit to Hungary to sign a treaty of mutual aid and assistance. Posing after the hunt for the camera-

man, Host Tildy and Guest Tito unconsciously struck a pose that reminded many people of the diplomatic hunting scenes back in 1939 when Hitler and Göring were guests of honor.



WAS THAT...THE CAT?

IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT . . . when you can't get to sleep . . . your nerves play strange tricks on you.

It's hard to think straight . . . hard to see things as they actually are.

What *made* you so sleepless? What *made* you so tense and jumpy?

The answer might be very simple—you had a cup or two of coffee.

Yes, that could be it . . . if you're one of the people affected by the caffeine in ordinary coffee.

But don't think—just because you have this trouble—that you have to give up coffee. You don't!

Just change to Sanka Coffee. It's *real* coffee—rich, fragrant and flavorful. Yet it can't possibly make you nervous or

keep you awake, because it's *caffeine-free!*

Sanka will give you *everything* you love in fine coffee, without the slightest penalty. Do try it, tonight!

TUNE IN! The Hilarious NEW Sanka Coffee Show—starring funster Danny Thomas! CBS, Fridays, 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.

Products of General Foods

SANKA COFFEE

97% CAFFEINE-FREE

YOU CAN DRINK IT AND SLEEP!



DRIP OR REGULAR GRIND
NEW INSTANT FORM



PEOPLE CONTINUED



GOVERNOR'S FIANCEE, 40-year-old Mildred Helen Stevenson, holds hands with Ohio's Governor Thomas J. Herbert, 55-year-old widower and father of three children by his first wife. They met in Columbus two years ago when Governor Herbert was receiving treatment for a leg wound which he suffered in World War I. His fiancée: the doctor's secretary.



GENERAL'S BRIDE, Mrs. Claire L. Chennault, cut the cake with her new husband after their wedding in Shanghai Dec. 21. The 57-year-old bridegroom, wartime commander of the Flying Tigers and father of eight, divorced his first wife 18 months ago. The 24-year-old Chinese bride is a reporter. They plan to live in China, where the general now owns an airline.



KING'S FAREWELL is said by Michael of Romania, 26, to Princess Anne of Bourbon-Parma, 24. After a visit in Switzerland chaperoned by Michael's mother, Queen Helen (right), the princess returned to her home in Denmark Dec. 20. The king went back to see his country's Communist rulers and find out whether they would let him make Anne his queen.



CHAMPION'S KISS is bestowed by Joe Louis on Mrs. Ernest Bush at a Chicago wedding reception. The bridegroom is a good friend of Louis' and a public-relations man for a brewing company. With Louis he will soon start promoting a beverage, "The Joe Louis Punch." Considering Louis' recent fight with Joe Walcott, the drink is not expected to have much kick.

DATE and NUT ROLL

Chill and serve—no cooking!



DATE and NUT ROLL

- ½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 2 cups (½ pound) vanilla wafer crumbs
- 1 cup finely chopped dates
- ½ cup chopped nut meats
- Confectioners' sugar

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and lemon juice. Add vanilla wafer crumbs. Mix well. Mix dates and nut meats. Sprinkle flat surface with confectioners' sugar. Lightly roll or pat crumb mixture on sugar into 8 by 10-inch rectangle. Spread with date mixture. Roll as for jelly roll. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill 6 to 8 hours. Slice, serve with hard sauce or whipped cream. Makes 8 servings.

Make it the day before!



A magic dessert made with
EAGLE BRAND!



It's so quick and easy to make exciting desserts! And you know they'll always come out just right when you use Eagle Brand, the original Sweetened Condensed Milk! A smooth, ready-to-use blend of creamy-rich whole milk and sugar. Made to Borden's high standard of quality.

FREE! 70 luscious, foolproof recipes for cookies, puddings, frosting, ice creams in the Book of Eagle Brand Magic Recipes. Send penny post card to Borden's, Dept. L-158, P. O. Box 175, New York 8, N. Y.



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Happy note for breakfast

WITH A HEALTHY P.S.



SUNSWEEP HELPS
KEEP YOU
REGULAR, TOO.

SUNSWEEP PRUNE JUICE

Now also
available
in cans



Prepared and distributed by the
makers of Mott's apple juice, apple sauce,
cider, vinegar, and jellies



BELLIGERENT CONGRESSMAN, Pablo A. Toro, conservative member of the Colombia legislature, waves a pistol at a liberal member Dec. 4. Toro did not fire, but most of the representatives ducked behind him anyway. The day before several of his colleagues had pulled guns and filled the hall with flying lead. Happily there had been no bloodshed then either.



SMILING MINER, William Williams, washes off the soot after setting a new British record by digging 234 tons of coal in the week of Dec. 13 to 20. Although a hero to most Englishmen, who will shiver for lack of fuel this winter, he still has troubles. Williams cannot find a house for his family. And the government took \$60 in taxes out of his \$168 pay check.



Is it raining
tonight in
Florida?

• If so, watch those Trico Wiper Blades swing, swing, swing... more than two million of them... on cars from every state! Because Trico has engineered complete wiper mechanisms for tens of millions of cars, be sure to replace **ONLY** with Trico when blades grow old. Then your new blades will wipe perfectly... with the correct pressure, at the correct angle.



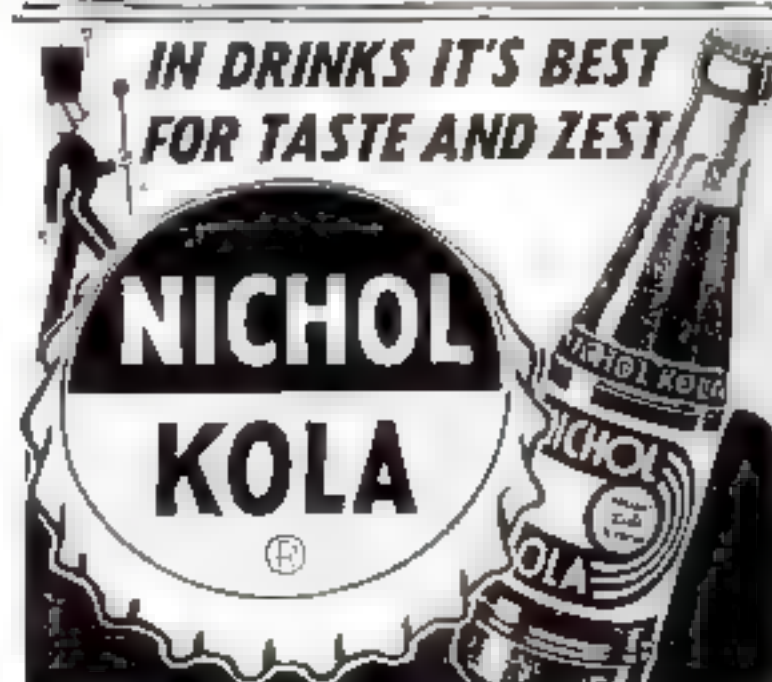
TRICO STANDARD 50¢
TRICO "WRIST ACTION" 60¢

Trico Products Corporation, Buffalo 3, N. Y.

Treat Yourself
to...



candy the
whole family
loves...



NOURISHING Meat

Juicy hamburger—remember, ground beef chuck has the same meat goodness as ground round steak. Costs less, too.



a complete protein food

Meat is a complete protein food. It contains all the essential amino acids that your body needs to build and repair tissues. Meat is also a good source of iron, zinc, and B vitamins. For more information on the benefits of meat, visit www.meatpioneer.com.



This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



FORECAST: *Sudden shower*

The alarm has rung itself out, the eggs are cold, and the commutin' train is puffin' on down—so what else is a gal to do? Hit the duck, fellow!

Tear yourself from the smooth, soft bosom of those Pacific Balanced Sheets. We know you're tough. In fact, we deliberately make Pacific Sheets so soft, so white, and so invitingly

smooth that you slip into serene slumber almost on contact!

Pacific Sheets are made the *balanced* way: luxury qualities in perfect balance with service qualities. They come in several grades, to meet every household need from nursery to guest room. See them at better stores. Just ask for Pacific Balanced Sheets next time you shop.

PACIFIC PERCALE • PACIFIC EXTRA STRENGTH MUSLIN • PACIFIC TIGHT MUSLIN

Free booklet, "The story of Pacific Balanced Sheets". Drop a card to
Pacific Mills, 211 Church Street, New York 13

PACIFIC
PACIFIC
SHEETS



A SOUND SO HIGH-PITCHED IT CANNOT BE HEARD EMERGES FROM A SIREN AND CAUSES COTTON TO BURST INTO FLAME WITHOUT HURTING A MAN'S HAND

ULTRASONICS

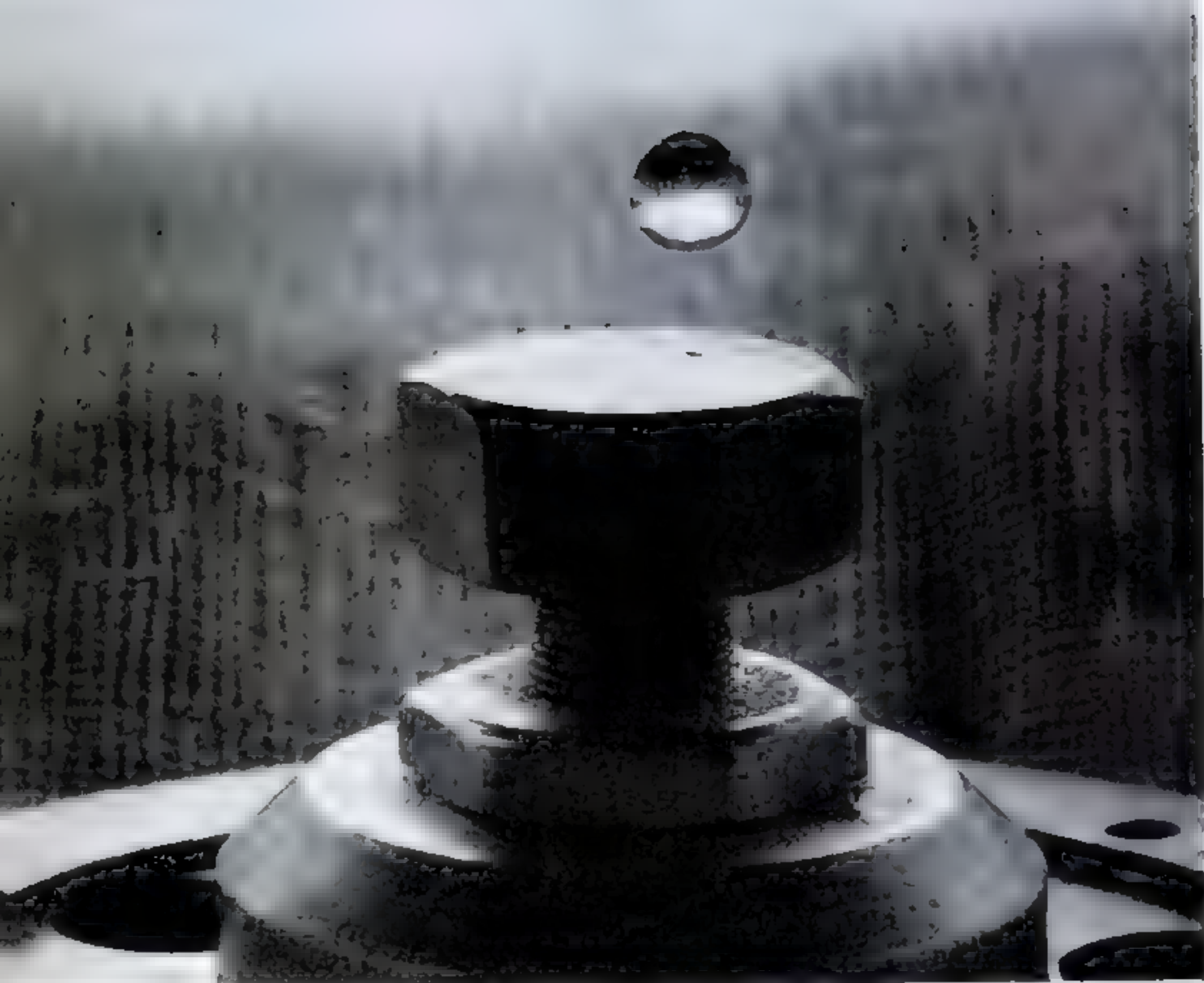
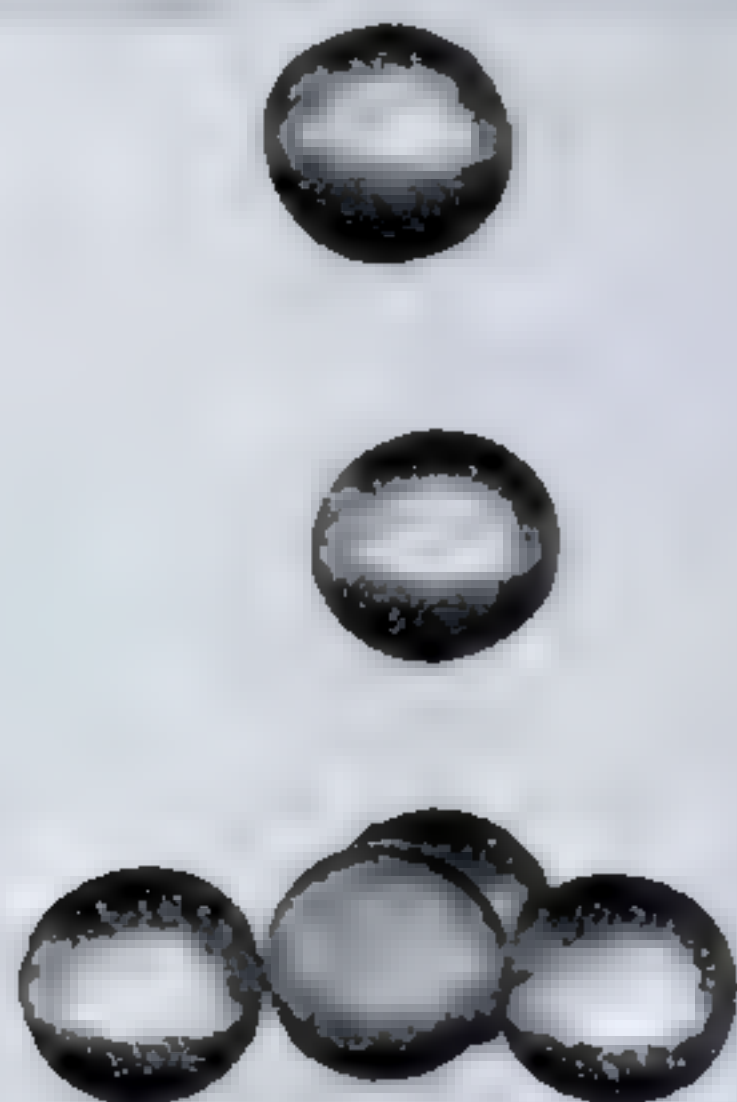
"Silent sound" gives man new energy of tremendous intensity

In research laboratories scattered through the U.S., scientists are performing some of the weirdest experiments since the sound of Joshua's trumpets toppled Jericho's walls. In these laboratories surgical operations are being performed on animals without breaking the skin. Whisky is being aged a year in a few minutes. Insects are being blown apart without any explosion. These functions are being performed by sound alone. Yet sometimes during the experiment the laboratory is as silent as a cave.

This "silent sound," called ultrasonics, is a branch of science that has become important only in the last few years. The theory of ultrasonics, i.e., sound waves that vibrate too fast for the human ear to register them, has been known for a long time. But it took the engineering developments of the war to produce practical instruments to give these sound waves great intensity. Now, suddenly, a whole new world of benefits has been opened up.

But while beneficial effects of ultrasonics are

being discovered every day, its possible harmful effects are still undetermined. The man holding the cotton in picture above suffers no immediate ill effects to his hand. Only time can tell, however, as more power is given to the sound waves, what damage they may cause to humans. Whether ultrasonics is used constructively or destructively, man has found a new form of energy of tremendous intensity. The energy that is lighting the cotton above is 50,000 times as intense as that of the loudest clap of thunder.



MARBLES FLOAT IN AIR under the great pressure of sound waves from a siren below. The waves are reflected from a brass plate above the glass marbles, and at certain points both a rising and a fall-

ing wave exert a constant pressure on the air molecules. At those points marbles are held aloft. This unusual demonstration of sound pressure was devised by researchers at Pennsylvania State College.

RANGE OF SOUND

300,000,000 AND UP
VIBRATIONS PER SECOND

ULTRASONICS



BAT-100,000



DOG-35,000



MAN-20,000

PIGEON-15,500

TRAVELING IN PULSATIONS as shown above, sound may be produced by vibrations up to several hundred million a second. Man's hearing range exceeds pigeons but is less than that of a dog or a bat.

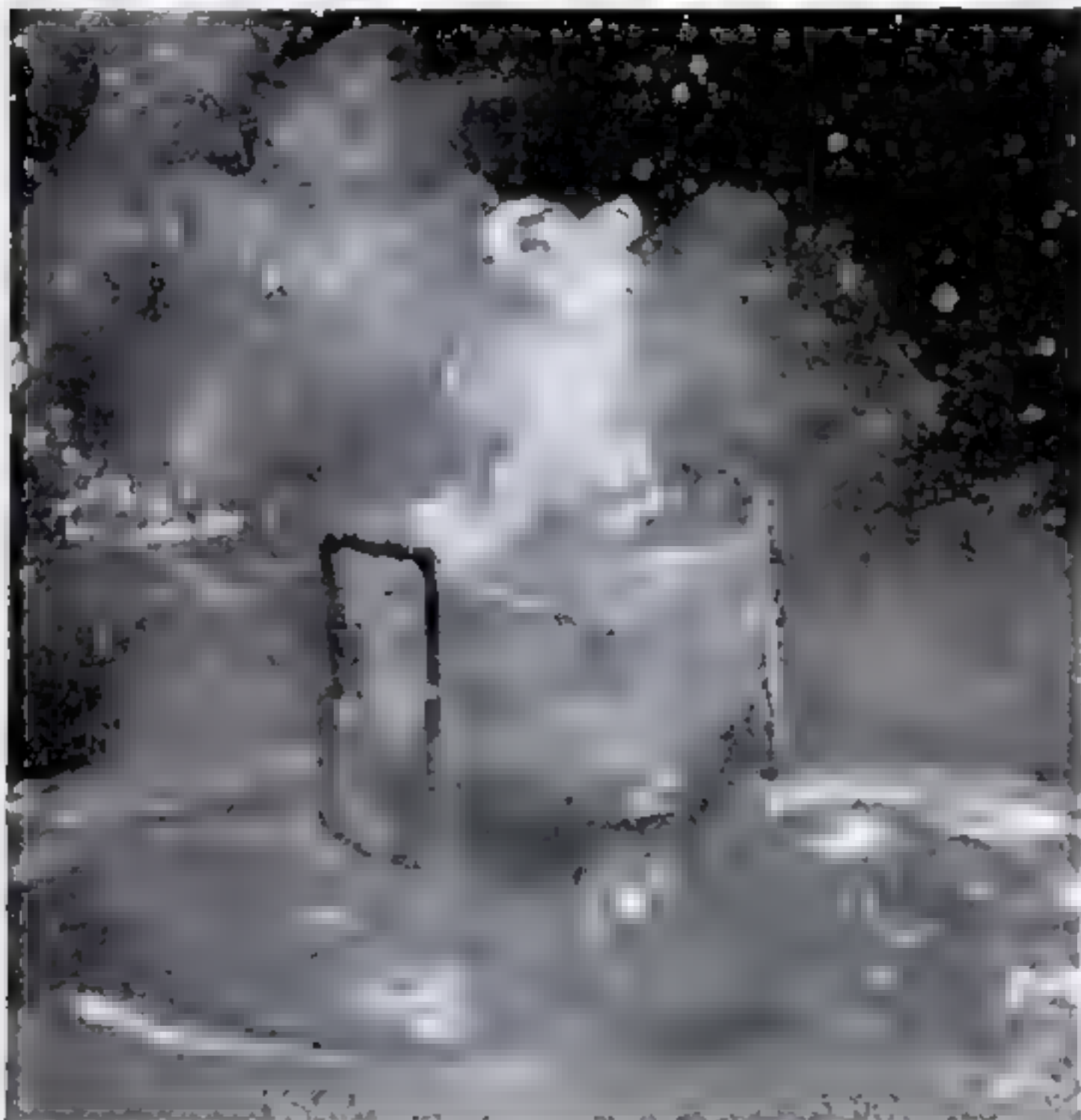
SOUND WORKS WONDERS IN WEIRD WAYS

BIOLOGICAL CHANGE

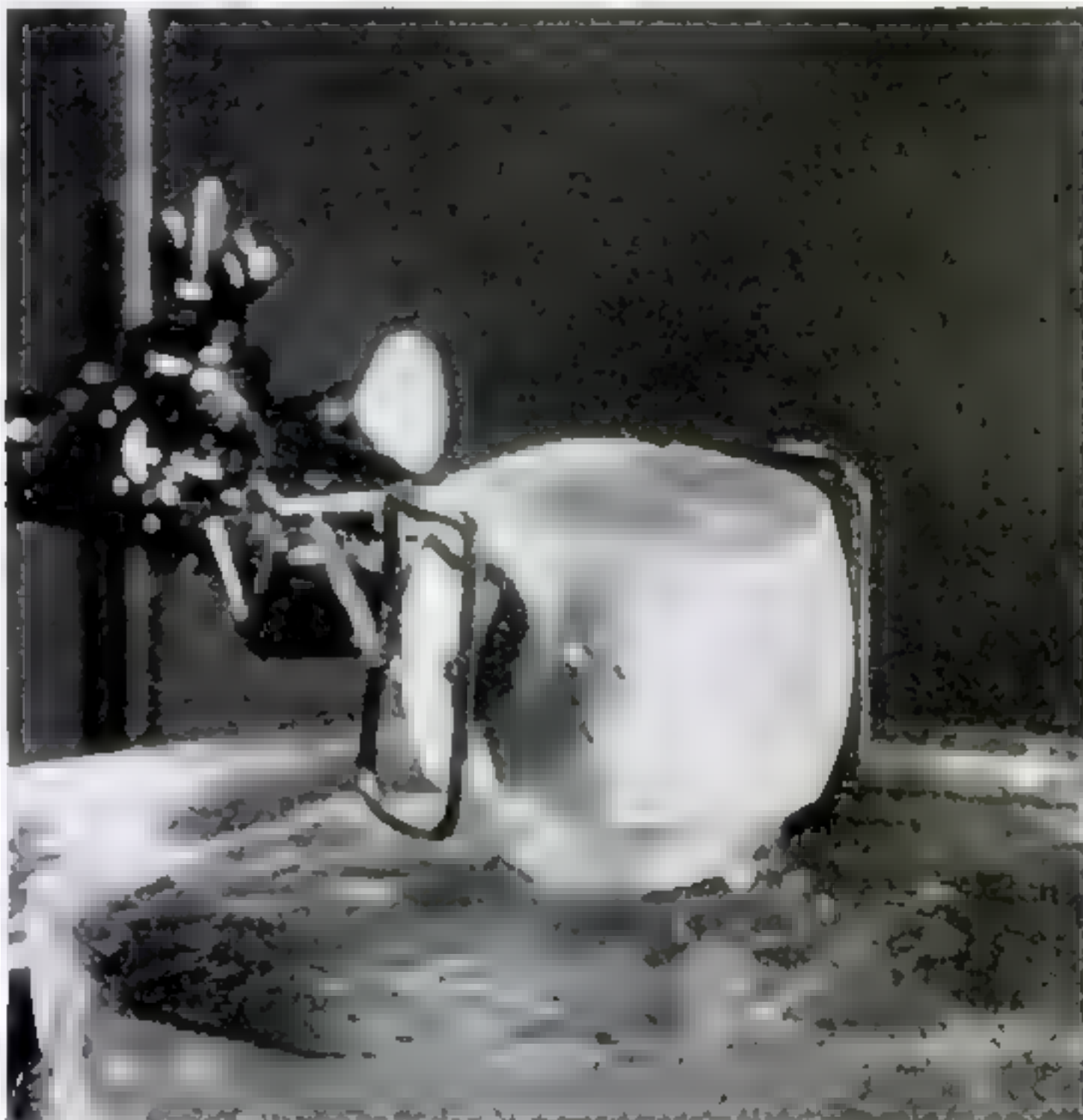


DISTORTED EGGS (bottom picture) were laid by female bean weevils which were exposed to a dose of sound waves for several minutes. The eggs are also infertile. Normal eggs are shown in the top picture.

HOW SOUND WAVES TRAVEL



SOUND WAVES GO THROUGH COPPER into a small cup of water with such force that they create a steaming geyser several inches high. The waves, originating from a quartz crystal vibrating in a pool of oil at the rate of 400,000 times a second, disrupt water and send droplets and vapor flying out in all directions.



SOUND WAVES ARE BLOCKED by egg membrane as they pass from oil pool toward water held by eggshell. Bottom of shell is removed, exposing membrane. The sound waves, still at 400,000 a second, disturb the oil as at left but fail to affect the water. This strange behavior is one of the still unsolved mysteries of ultrasonics.

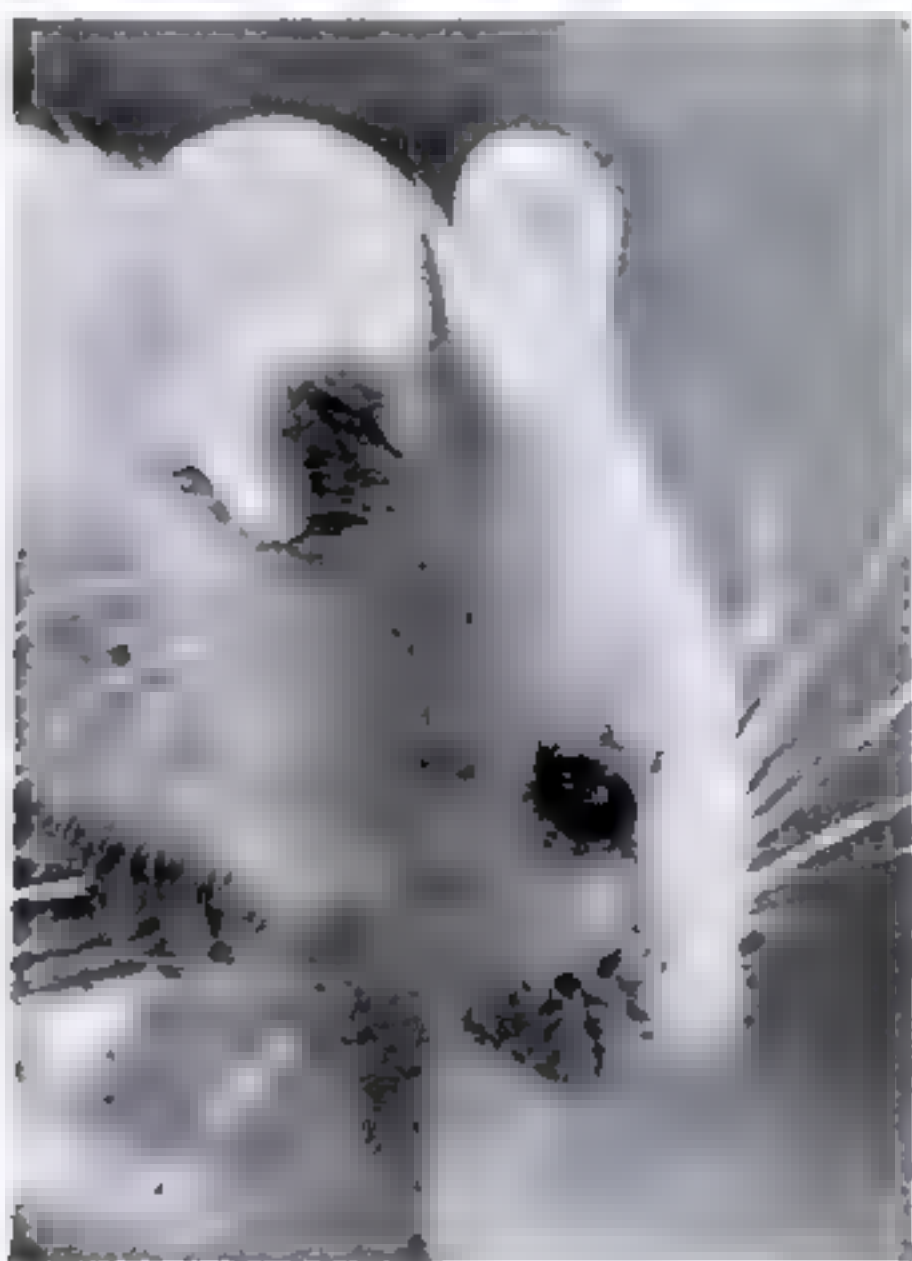
The fact that sound is a mechanical force accounts for many of the unusual things that can be done with it. It is produced by rapid vibrations in some medium, such as air or water, and travels in the form of waves (*drawing*). Human speech is one type of sound, initiated by the vibrations of the vocal cords. The human ear registers sound of 20 vibrations a second up to 20,000. Beyond that is ultrasonic sound.

As a sound wave travels, it carries energy

with it, the amount depending on the energy put into the original vibration. The key of high C on a piano, if struck violently, will send out more energy than if it were struck softly, although the number of vibrations a second is the same in both cases. Because it is energy which does work, the most effective ultrasonic tool is the one that can put the most power into the vibrations it emits. Some ultrasonic effects can be explained by the conversion of energy

into heat by friction among the molecules; others, like the disappearance of the mouse's ears (*below*), by the cells of the ears being destroyed by the vibrations. There are some effects, however, which are completely unexplainable, for much research remains to be done on the relation of sound to matter. No one can explain, for example, why sound waves will not travel through a wet egg membrane (*above*) but will go right through a much thicker copper foil.

HOW SOUND WAVES DESTROY



A NORMAL MOUSE is photographed before its ears get a one-minute dose of ultrasonic waves in demonstration at Pennsylvania State College. Test was made to discover effects of exposure to sound waves.



AFTER TWO DAYS the mouse's ears begin to shrink, probably due to breaking up of blood cells and rupture of blood vessels by the sound waves. The mouse's head was the only part of its body exposed.

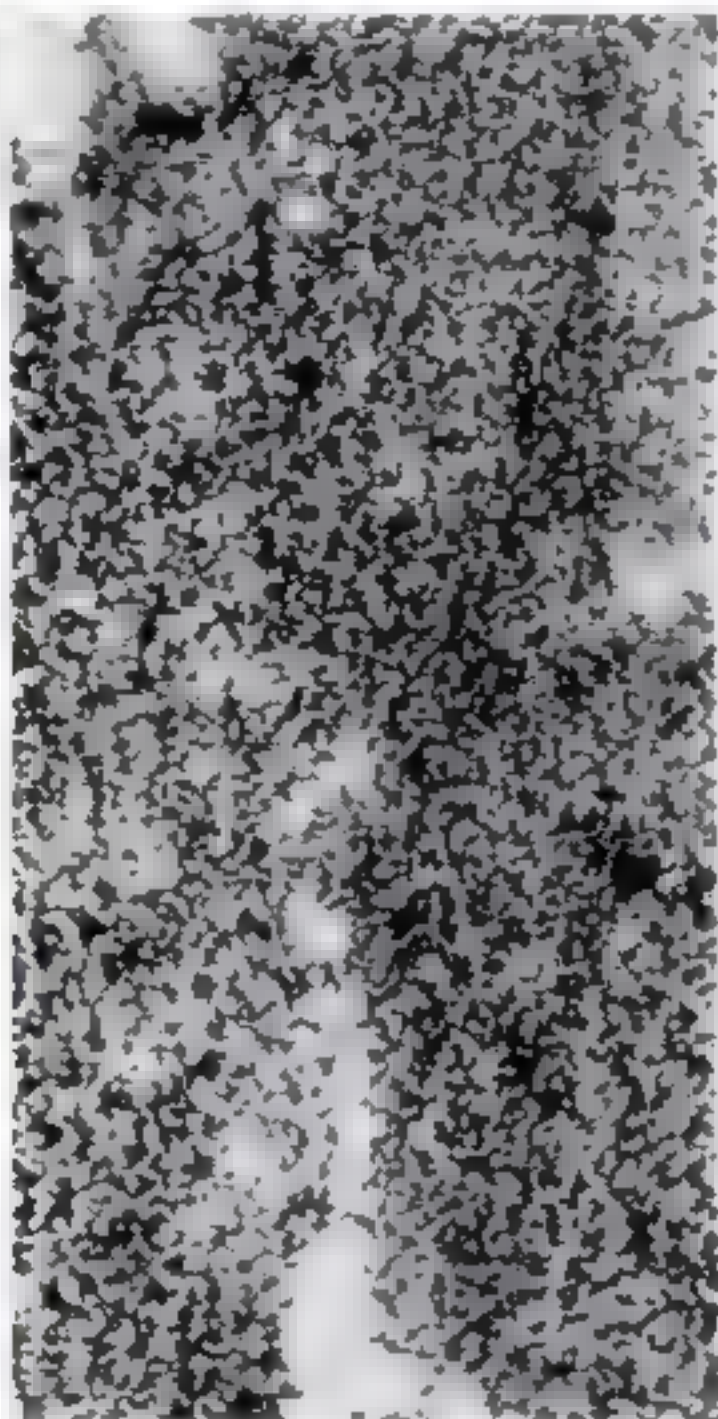


AFTER ONE WEEK the mouse's ears have almost completely disappeared. At the start of the exposure the mouse could hear the sound, and the treatment was painful. The aftereffects, however, did not hurt.

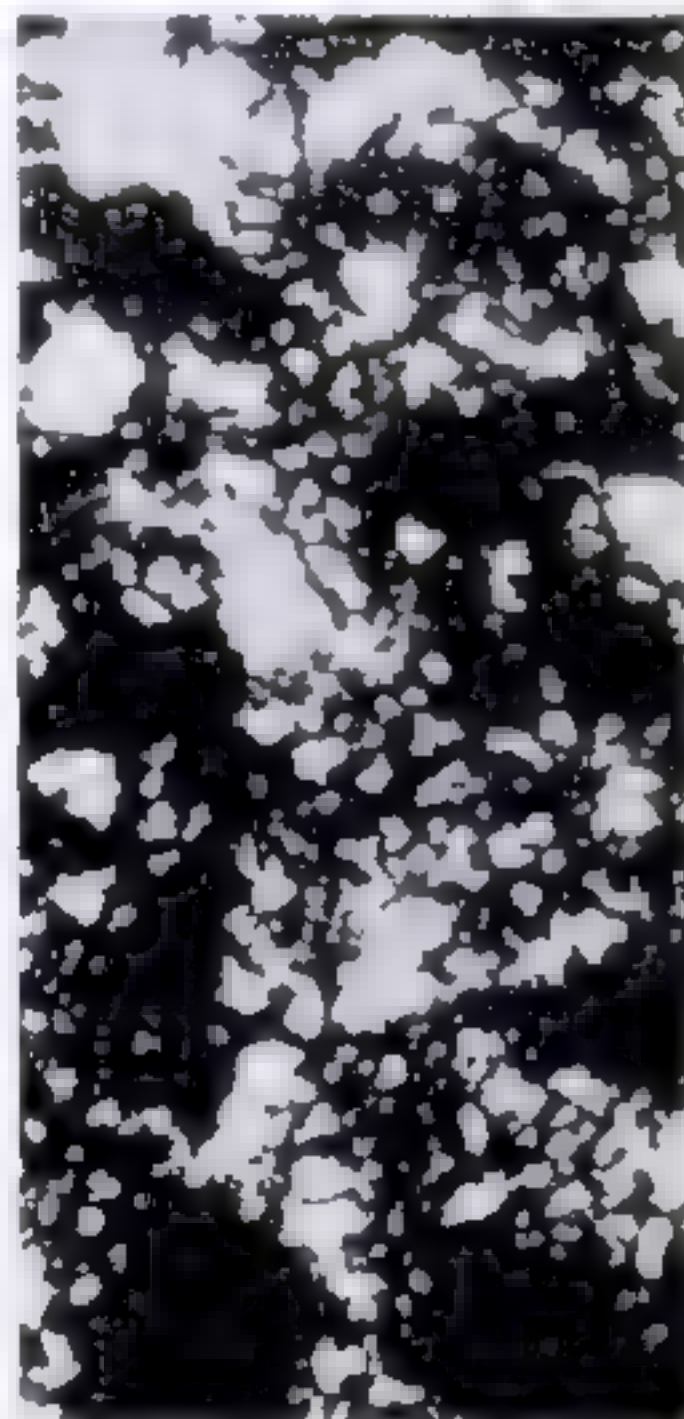
ELIMINATING SOOT



SOOT POURS OUT of the flue of a Pampa, Texas carbon black plant (above), and a valuable part of company's carbon production is lost because many of the particles (magnification at right) are too minute to be caught by ordinary collection methods. This was before the plant installed a siren-type sound machine.



SOOT DISAPPEARS following installation of a sound maker in the flue. When the sound vibrations force the carbon particles together, they form clumps like snowballs (magnification at right) and fall into a collection bin at the bottom of the flue. The carbon is saved and the countryside is free from the soot nuisance.



INDUSTRIES ALREADY HAVE PUT IT TO WORK

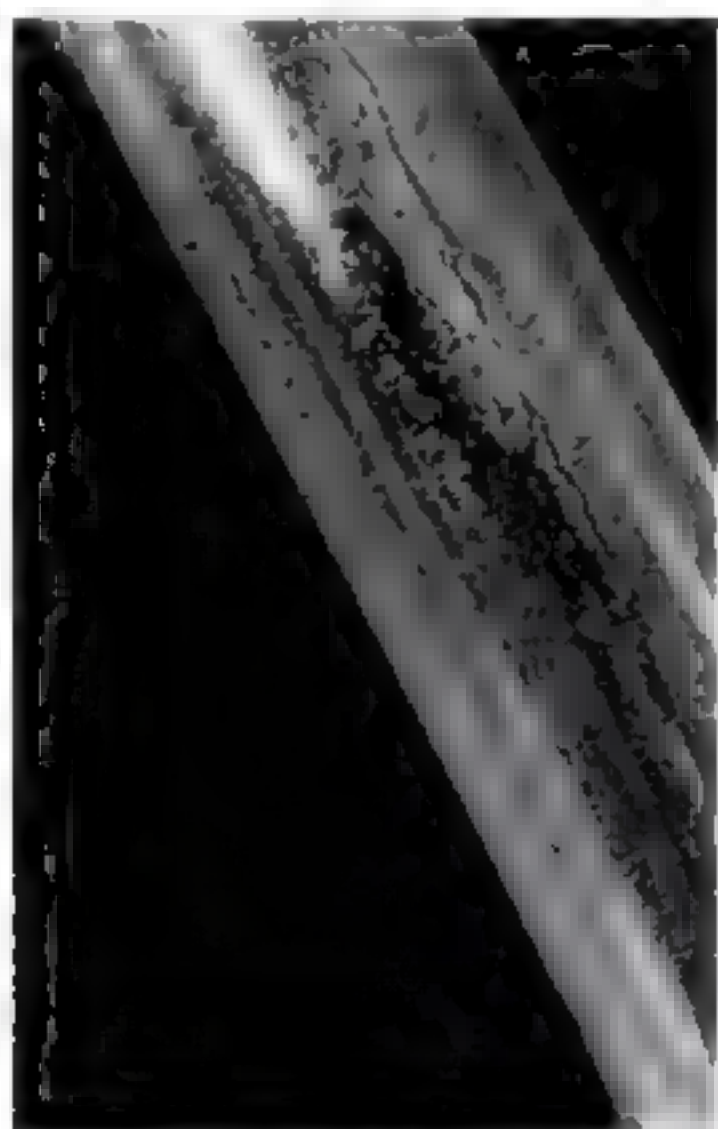
Although most of ultrasonics' development is still in the laboratory stage, sound energy already has been put to work in a wide variety of practical applications. Half a dozen dairies are using it to kill bacteria and break down the fat globules in milk: the treated milk keeps longer and is more digestible than the untreated product. The Erie railroad is using ultrasonics to check its locomotive axles (opposite) after approximately every 15,000 miles for "fatigue" cracks, whereas axles hitherto could be checked

only after the locomotives were dismantled approximately every 200,000 miles. Dr. R. H. Wallace, of the University of Connecticut, increased the yield of hybrid corn by 15% with sound-treated seeds. Although he wants to conduct additional tests to prove without a doubt that it was sound which did the trick, he foresees that sound may produce some revolutionary changes in agricultural methods.

Because sound waves precipitate, or clump together, the small particles of smoke (above),

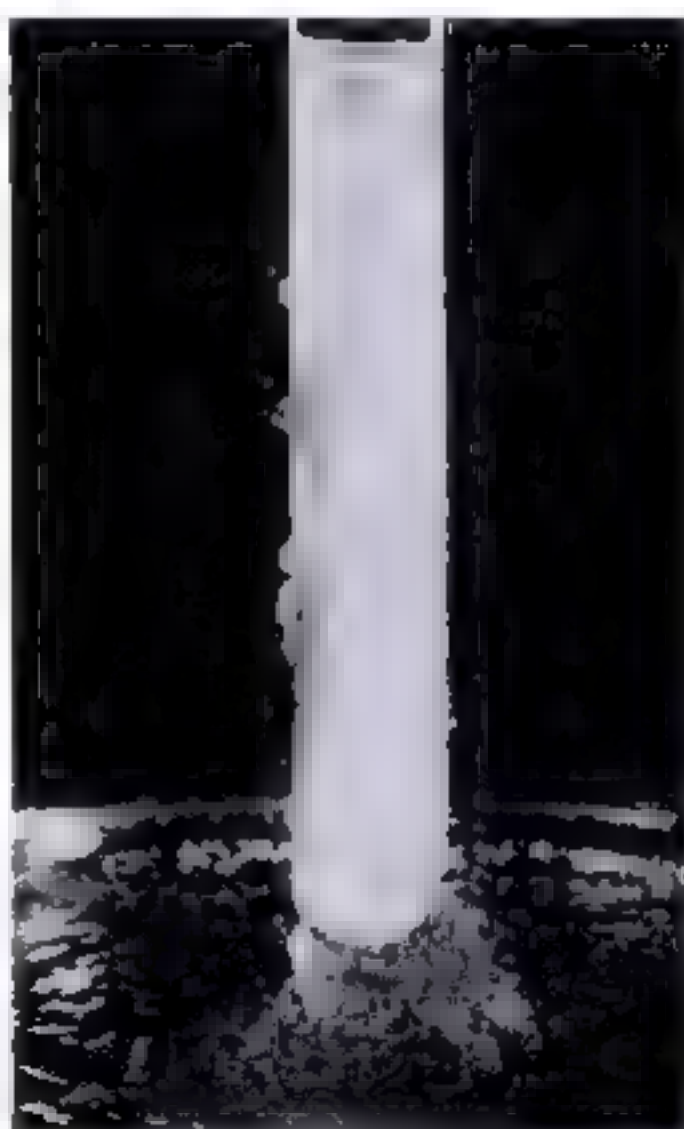
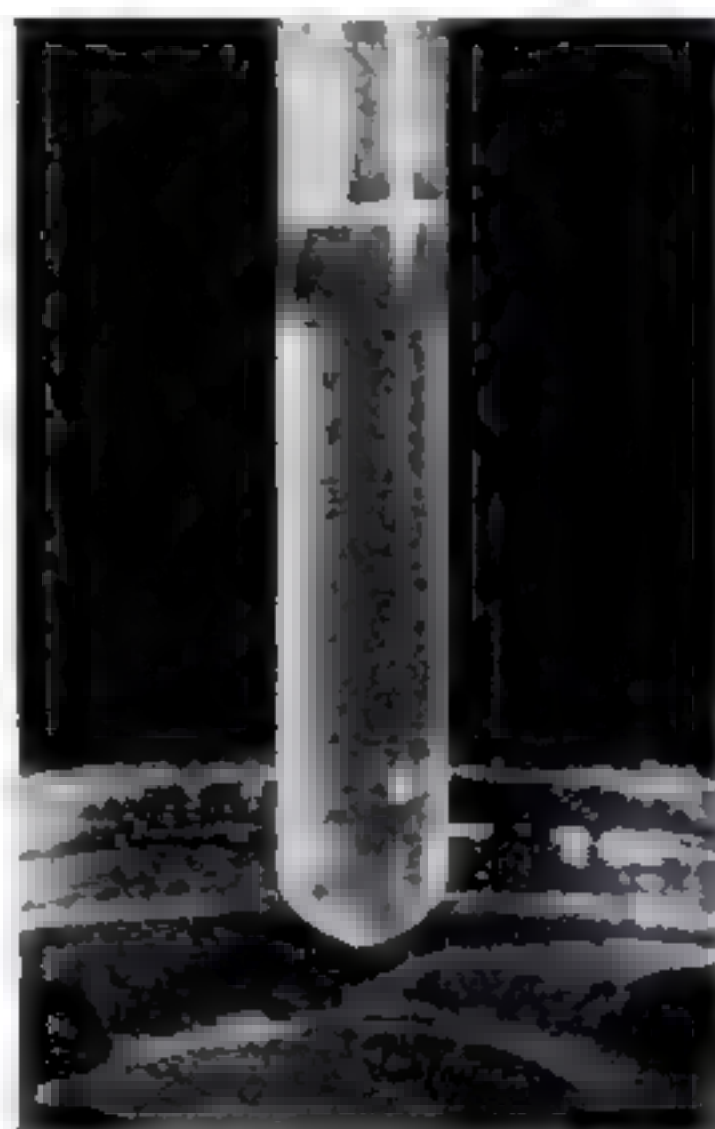
they are being used by a Maine paper mill to prevent soda ash from polluting the surrounding air. The fact that they mix seemingly unmixable liquids (below, right) has led to their use for the mixture of some drugs, face creams and soda-fountain syrups. But in one way the public is paying for these benefits by being subjected to a rash of "ultrasonic" huckstering. Already a Hartford, Conn. soda fountain that uses sound-mixed syrups is advertising the new, finer Ultrasonic Ice Cream Sodas.

CONDENSING FOG

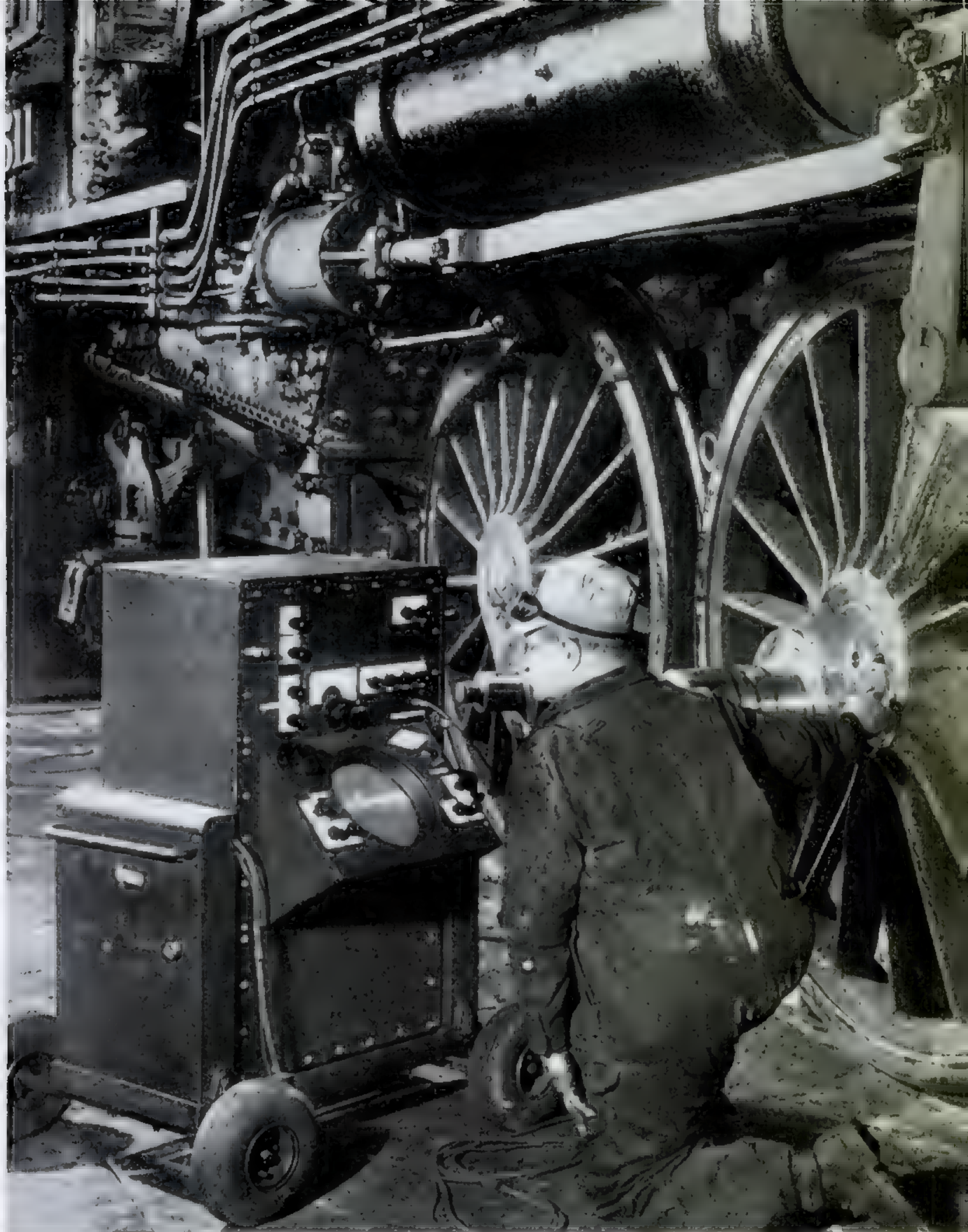


TUBE OF FOG illustrates one of sound's newest applications. At left, tube contains fog before application of sound. At right, fog particles have been grouped together and have formed water. The Navy is testing a siren-type sound maker to see if it will turn fog above airports into rain for safe, all-weather landings.

MIXING CHEMICALS



OIL AND WATER, poured into a test tube together (left), do not mix in their natural state. But sound treatment mixes the two into an emulsion (right) by breaking the oil drops into such small particles that the water molecules can keep them from rising, just as homogenizing breaks up the particles of cream in milk.



CHECKING EQUIPMENT, an ultrasonic device known as the Reflectoscope, uses "silent sound" to test a locomotive axle for "fatigue" cracks. Sound waves are sent into the metal from a vibrating quartz crystal unit held in engineer's right hand. The waves travel to end of axle and are reflected back again. The "echo"

produces a characteristic pattern on the circular Reflectoscope screen if the metal is perfect and a jagged line if there is a break. The axle, therefore, is all right. This method, much more accurate than the old fashioned tapping, enables railroads to make safety checks on their locomotives and cars without tearing them apart.



AMERICAN COMMUNISTS. Flaunting the hammer and sickle emblem, try to monopolize this May Day gathering in Reynburn Plaza, Philadelphia. Carrying huge ban-

ners, starting "spontaneous" parades and shouting down Socialists and other non-Communist groups in demonstrations are part of training of party members like "Kelly"

Portrait of an AMERICAN COMMUNIST

After 12 years of hard work, boredom and grim discipline a member of the party now waits for a crisis—and power

by JOHN McPARTLAND

HE joined the party in 1935, when he was 20 years old. It wasn't simple, like joining the Democratic party or the Elks. It was the reward for three years of work, study and obedience to discipline. And he knew that separation from the party would be equally difficult: it could not be accomplished by tearing up a card and saying, "Count me out." Through the three years many people had given much thought to impressing him with the importance and completeness of party membership and party activity. The indoctrination had entered the marrow of his bones, dictated even the shape of his dreams.

It began when he was still a high-school student in Chicago as social pleasure and what he thought then to be intellectual adventure. A party at Rae's house, a regular high-school kids' party with kissing games and refreshments served by Rae's mother at 11 o'clock, was the official beginning of his activities on the fringes of the movement. The older fellows started a political discussion and he was impressed by their intentness, their verbal brilliancies and by the way the girls at the party admired them. He entered the discussion, fortified with an easily smiling face, an agile mind and an aggressiveness acquired through childhood years of family quarrels in an overcrowded flat. He was brash, the older boys made a fool of him by luring him into intellectual gambits already ancient to them, but he handled himself well, he did not lose his temper, he retreated and dodged without conceding. They marked him, and he was invited to another party the following Sunday.

These wonderful people, illuminated and consumed by their own internal flames, fascinated him. He wanted to go with them, to model himself in their sardonic and idealistic images. It was not too hard to do—they even encouraged him. There were parties, picnics, beach suppers, all with songs and laughter, discussions and admiring girls. A magic seemed to be operating. Each time he was welcomed as a fine fellow by these suave intellectuals, pretty girls appeared and responded generously to his clumsy love-making. What more could a boy want than this?

Of course there was another side to all this. There were tasks, little ones at first, more important ones later. He distributed literature at mass meetings, walked in a hunger march, and it was rather fun, even a little exciting. He did not notice that he was being watched by the older men, watched for ability and obedience.

Soon he was attending the Workers' School three evenings a week. One or two evenings he worked on party activities—wrapping newspapers at the print shop, attending mass meetings, picketing the mass meetings of other organizations. The remaining evenings were devoted to the satisfactions of life: coffee and cigarets until 3 in the morning at a little cafeteria with other boys and girls of the movement, young law students, smooth college girls; beer and sandwiches in the parlor of a West Side flat with his friends; love-making in Douglas Park with a party girl.

These party girls were wonderful. They could talk with the best of the law students, they carried placards and fought policemen, they danced and

went to bed. He didn't appreciate, at this time, that they went to bed in much the same way they carried placards—as a service to the party.

The Workers' School was difficult, much more rigorous than a course in high-school math. The precisions of Marx and the greater precisions of Lenin and Stalin permitted no guesswork or bluffing. He learned the catechism, the patter, the terminology. After three months of the Workers' School he could spot a "supporter," a "diversionist" or a "dissenter" in a conversation on the weather. The anointed spoke only the approved words; to his amusement—in those days he still had a sense of humor—he found that he used the patter and the terminology even in his love-making.

Now he could hold up his end in the discussions over coffee and cigarets in the little cafeteria or through the impassioned arguments in the parlors of the little West Side flats. He quoted Lenin with the best of them, could tell the decisions of a party plenum, quote the *Pravda* of 1918. The older boys hid their condescension; they remembered the days when they had had only three months of the Workers' School, and besides, they would have been severely reprimanded by their cell leaders for injuring the morale of a likely prospect. Also, he was much in love with Sherry, a party girl, at this time, and all of the older boys, who shared a syndrome of memories about Sherry, regarded him as a little brother. He was very happy through this period.

These were great days. There was a sense of battle and of victory in the party. Fascism hovered like a thickening cloud over Europe and the world, and the party was the sword of the people, the banner of freedom or any other useful cliché you might think of. Some of "the best people" were banded to protect the rights of Communists.

And there was the enemy. Not the confused inheritors of unearned wealth, not the abashed bankers and bewildered businessmen, but the Lovestonites, the Trotskyites, the Cannonites, the Socialists and a score of splinter parties. These were the heretics, the unclean, the Ishmaelites. He learned to despise them, destroy their literature and maybe, if circumstances seemed right, even engage them in physical battle.

He had his membership in the party. His parents, his relatives, the bustle of the stuffy family flat with its smells, its food, its comfort were far away now. His friends of school and the old neighborhood were forgotten—the party left no room for friendships or loyalties other than those of the party. He had a party name—"Kelly"—and he lived with his girl and another party couple in a third-floor flat in the intellectual slums near the University of Chicago.

"Kelly" became a teacher on the Adult Education Project of the WPA. He earned \$85 a month and worked about 14 hours a week in makeshift classrooms located in deteriorating settlement houses scattered through the industrial belt of the South Side. The party demands were much greater now—there was little time for cigarets and coffee, for the endless and circuitous arguments he had once enjoyed. He attended classes in parliamentary law. He bent over a Mimeograph machine for weary hours, he attended



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AMERICAN COMMUNIST CONTINUED

meetings in the Black Belt, in lodge halls over the taverns of the steel-mill district. He marched, he picketed, he broke up street-corner meetings of the damned Trotskyites. Sometimes his girl was with him, often she was gone for days at a time. When she was away he sometimes slept with the other girl while the man slept alone.

He was never lonely. The telephone of the flat rang frequently and there would be party gossip, party scandal—"Mike's been thrown out of the cell because he's a disrupter, a Lovestonite, a counterrevolutionary and a homosexual." He learned that the mortality of party memberships was high, there were endless suspicions, testings and tricks to discover the quality of the true believers. Expulsions were matters of excitement and gabbling, always ending with the party dictum that the unfortunate was a moral leper as well as a political dullard. Invariably those jettisoned by the party were stigmatized as homosexuals, drug addicts, police informers and syphilitics. During this period "Kelly" believed these charges to be the simple truth and was considerably concerned over his failure to have detected such moral, physical and mental lesions in people he had known so well.

"Kelly" learns about the party line

A TOUCH of bitterness developed in his party relationships at this time, the product of a series of important political operations directed by the distant and unfathomable masters of the Communist party. First was his disappointment over the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee. John L. Lewis, who has a shrewd insight into the qualities of leadership, needed, in those years, men of ability, integrity and courage to organize the manifold clusterings of the Committee for Industrial Organization. While he may have hated the Communist party as the devil hates holy water he knew that for his purposes at this time the party could supply him with the men he wanted. He took them as organizers, and with them received the blessings of the party. "Kelly" had been taught in his labor history that Lewis was an enemy of the working class, a collaborator with the operators, a fascist, a monomaniac and a counterrevolutionary. Now he was taught that Lewis was a kindly liberal, a fighter on the side of the masses. "Kelly" had only a little trouble in correcting his perspective on Lewis. It was much the same kind of evolution that occurred in the case of Franklin Roosevelt, once pictured as a leering, top-hatted oppressor, a consort of Wall Street and the bankers but later to receive the stamp of party approval. These changes were frequent, and "Kelly" was getting used to them. The party line might whip about like a lariat, but he believed that behind its curves and loops there was an all-seeing wisdom that, in time and with much sacrifice, would bring about the redemption of the peoples of the world.

At the time "Kelly" was still too naive to appreciate the involved machinations that brought the party and John L. Lewis into a sort of gavotte in which each bowed, walked toward the other, bowed and walked away again, but he was not too naive to know that the party had inserted a number of organizers into the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee in the local area. Despite his record of discipline, obedience and attendance at all party educational programs, he had not been one of them. He did not know that this disappointment was also a matter of strategy, that he was to be subjected to a series of ever greater disappointments until his response could no longer be questioned. He was a marked man, described in sealed and cryptic correspondence that had placed his name, biographical data, psychological evaluation, educational and organizational history in an envelope of a special bureau in Moscow. The next few years were intended to be bad, trying years for "Kelly"; only the strong deserve responsibility.

The massacre

THEN came the shock of the massacre, a shock which, if it had been noticed by the cold-eyed men in a little tavern near the Republic Steel works in South Chicago, might have meant the end of "Kelly's" career in the Communist party. This was the sprung of the "Little Steel" strike, a strike which had shut down the furnaces of proud Tom Girdler, head of Republic Steel. This was the time of the "Republic massacre."

The striking steelworkers, friends and sympathizers who marched across the field before the Republic plant believed they were making a peaceable demonstration. They expected no serious trouble and intended to cause no serious trouble. In front of the strikebound plant stood a line of armed policemen. "Kelly" knew what the marching men did not know—that the party was doing its best to provoke a massacre. Already the party had prepared a first-aid station, the exist-

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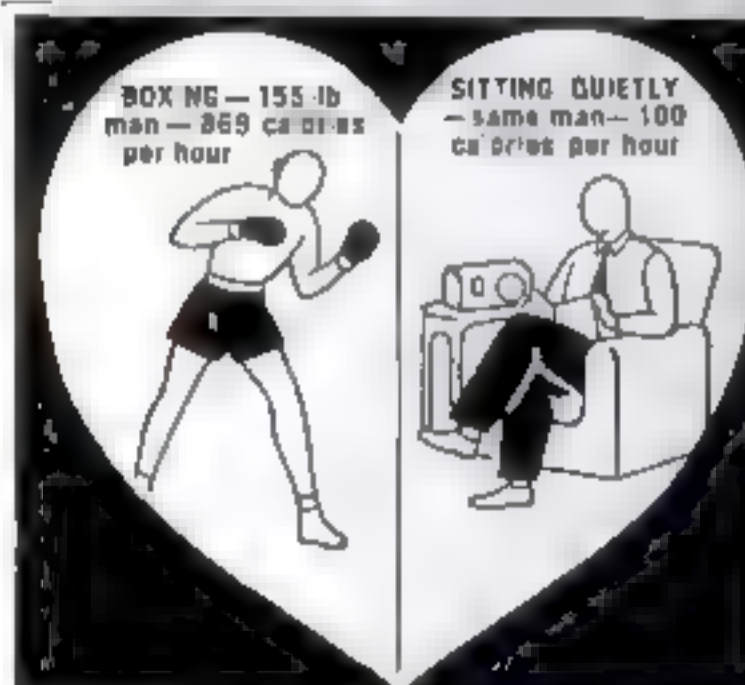


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REPUBLIC STEEL MASSACRE in 1937 ended with 10 killed, provided Communists with hoped-for martyrs, gave "Kelly" qualms about party policy.

AMERICAN COMMUNIST CONTINUED

ence of which was unknown to the strikers and their friends, in an abandoned tavern near the mill. "Kelly" knew that the party tacticians counted on being able to provoke the police into opening fire without cause. The party was right, the police fired, the march broke into a panicked rout, and 10 men died as a result. It was a fine massacre from the standpoint of the party. It took "Kelly" some little time to "rationalize" the Republic massacre and see the party's wisdom. It was well for him that his momentary doubts were not noticed.

Another thing that tended to embitter "Kelly" was more personal. The party line, the dicta which determined every activity and every thought of a party member, had always been clear and precise on the subject of racial equality. When he had first become involved in the social activities that fringed the party, "Kelly" attended the interracial dances and beach parties which were mandatory enjoyment for the faithful. "Kelly" appreciated the importance of interracial affairs: they gave proof that the party was the organization of humanity, without prejudice or discrimination; they welcomed the Negro population into the party fold, like a great dark fruit, ripe and ready to fall into waiting hands.

The party smashes a marriage

MUCH as loyal party girls had been assigned to "Kelly" in his formative stage to flatter him, to urge him into activity, to solace him, so were party girls assigned to enfold likely Negroes. It was merely another version of the ancient tale of "using the Negro." There were a number of interracial marriages blessed by the Communist party.

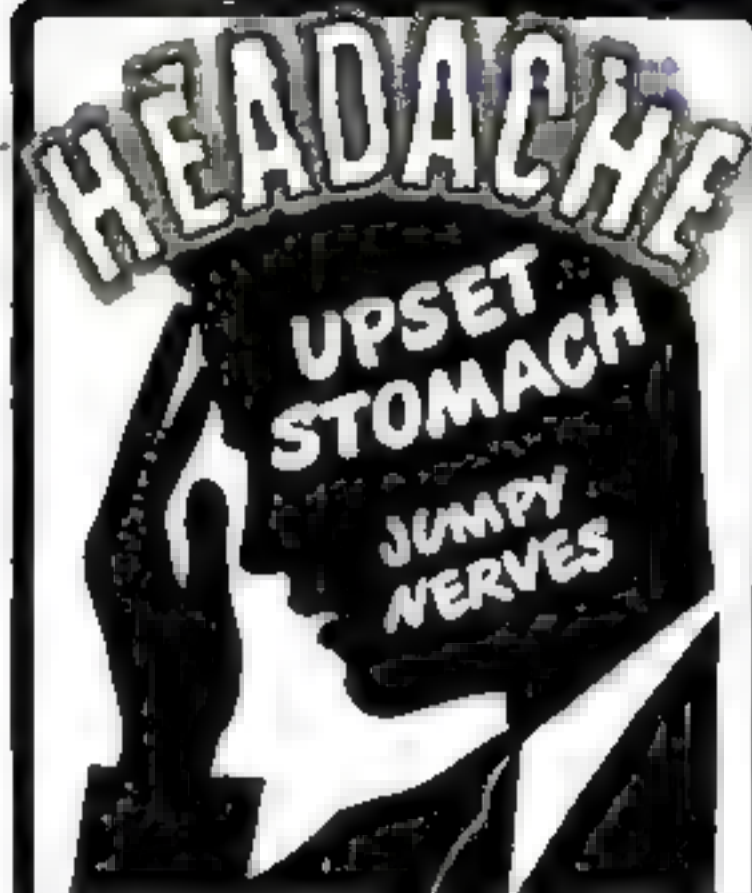
Sheila, "Kelly"'s sister, had followed him into the winding lanes of the party, happy in the rich personal relationships that characterize the early stages of party affiliation, proud of her intellectual independence. In time she had married a tall and handsome Negro boy and cared not at all that her family considered her dead. She and her husband were busy with party activities, popular and extremely happy. They had a small son, a little flat on the edge of the Negro section and a full, satisfying life.

The party line shifted ever so gently. The party was now interested in winning over the great group of the American working class that considered itself to be the middle class; to accomplish this seduction of the millions of moviegoing, magazine-reading, church-attending ordinary workers, the party decided to alter its emphasis on interracial marriages. They were still a fine, humanitarian sort of thing, but the party did not want to be too closely associated with them. Sheila and her husband were told to busy themselves elsewhere.

Now "Kelly" began to appreciate the terrible strength of the party. He had known that the damned, those who were expelled, had frequently become emotional wrecks, drunks, suicides, derelicts, but he had attributed their breakdowns to those hidden faults which had caused their expulsion. Now he appreciated, as the party by this time intended he should appreciate, the power that had smashed them.

Each new prospect received the same treatment of encouragement, adulation, sexual satisfaction. For each there was an ever-increasing load of work, responsibility and study. For each there was a social life based only on the party. Expulsion meant ostracism, the ending of every social tie, a situation much like that of a devout nun cast out from her convent. An expelled party member became one of two classes—the bitter enemy of the Communist party, filling his suddenly

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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AMERICAN COMMUNIST CONTINUED

empty life with an active hate for the organization that once he had served, or a psychotic, spiraling down to emptiness.

So it was with Sheila and her smiling, easy-mannered husband. The marriage lasted a year after they found themselves left out of party activities. Then they divorced, and that was that. The former husband is now a post-office clerk, a martinet in his dealings with his few subordinates, and a subscriber to the more violent Negro newspapers.

The third thing which clouded the contentment of "Kelly" was his growing realization that the party forgave no one who stepped out of line. This policy made obvious sense: in times to come the party expected periods of great stress, and it wanted a membership completely disciplined, completely trustworthy. The coldness of the judgments chilled "Kelly"; he saw men who were sincere, men who were willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of humanity, broken and thrown away because they had—in the opinion of the party leaders—erred in some matter. There were seldom any second chances; the party was not interested in either excuses or promises.

These were bitter nights for "Kelly." The party intended that they should be. He was called upon for much work, for humiliating work, for dangerous work. He was arrested for demonstrating in a strike, he slept in the verminous cells of the Maxwell Street Police Station, he was beaten in street fights, he carried placards in parades. He cranked thousands of sheets through a duplicating machine, he wrapped thousands of pamphlets, he sat through tedious meetings hearing the too-familiar phrases remouthed by men he considered incompetent fools. He worked in a sausage-casing plant, his greasy hands floundering as his aching arms refused his mind's commands, so that he could act as an organizer for a sit-down strike. He was too tired for love, too drained for companionship, a thin wraith of a man with shadowed eyes and bad teeth. But the party gave him no praise, no encouragement, no rest. They gave him more work to do—coldly, as if they despised him.

Spain: another disappointment for "Kelly"

HE wanted to go to Spain. The party was recruiting men to fight on the Loyalist side, although "Kelly" was politically adept enough to know now that once in Spain these men would do much of their fighting against the Anarcho-Syndicalists, against every tinge of political faith that varied from the razor-sharp line of party rectitude. But he wanted to go—to find escape from the monotony of discipline, from the fear of expulsion—but they would not let him go. Others went, to die or to come back swaggering in their berets. Some returned as bitter postgraduates, ready for any party order; others as haunted men, believing in nothing. "Kelly" stayed, picketed, marched, talked, wrapped his papers and found that political maturity was setting in.

He discovered that his studies of parliamentary law, ordered by the party, were highly useful. A union local of four or five hundred members could easily be dominated by a dozen party adherents. It was much like manipulating puppets—a party man popped up and made a motion, somebody of the "unorganized" would try to say something and three party people talked around him, talked him down. Before long the party would control the officers of the union and through them control the union's policy. It was so simple that it made him contemptuous of the rank and file. Let the workers keep their place, let their destiny be managed by trained and capable people. And where else were there experts in the management of people for a distant good but in the Communist party?

"Kelly" was intelligent. He realized that beneath the announced party line there was the real program, and while the line seemed to veer and reverse itself the real program was unchanging or, rather, changing slowly, like the movement of a glacier slipping down a broad valley. It was when he was sent to Detroit to work in the great factional battle of the West Side local of the U.A.W. that he began to sense that the program of the party was not concerned with evanescent good, not with little luxuries or little comforts for the workers even though it might use such picayune rewards as lures to accomplish its immediate purposes; the program of the party was planned in terms of decades, in the course of which the party intended to advance the Soviet Union as the only possible control for the people of the world. With this rationalization he was able to back and fill, change course, spin and stop, in the U.A.W. No infantry private in a Prussian regiment was ever more responsive to orders than "Kelly" was. His own life made sense to him only if he banished all questioning of the rightness of the party. Accepting the simple dogma that the party was always right made his life right, gave him a full satisfaction in living. He followed the party law: "Those who are not with us are against us." To "Kelly," as to any other trusted member of the party,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

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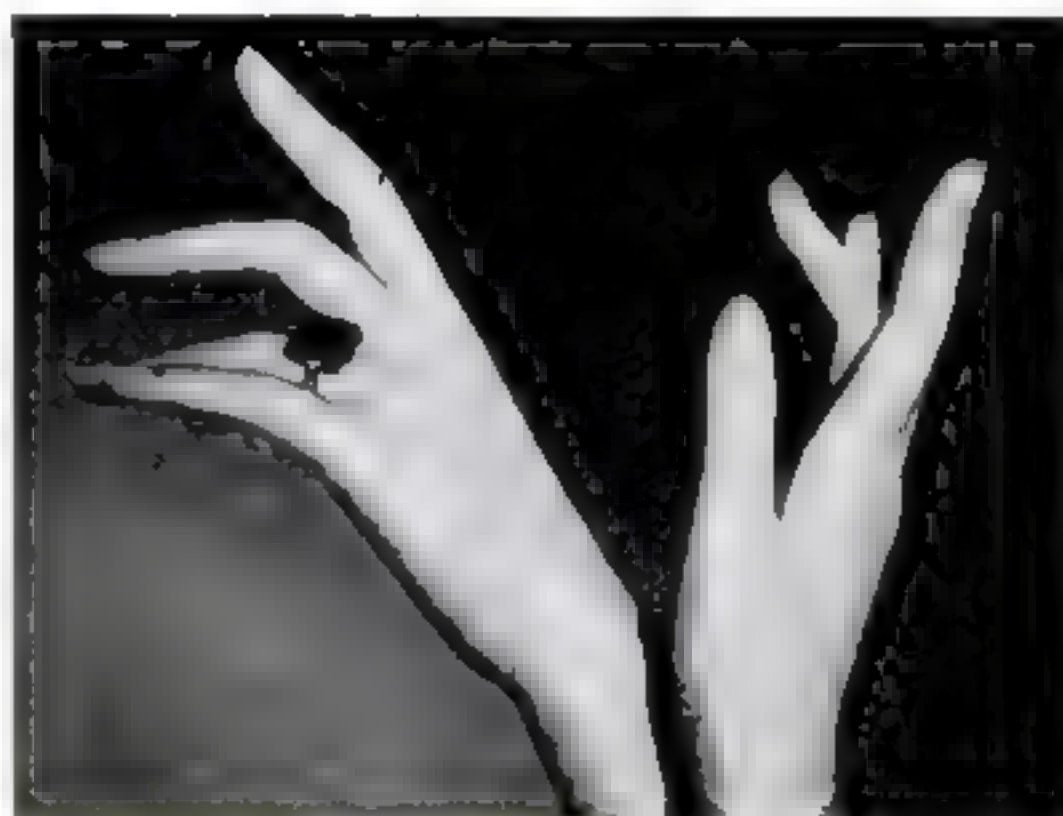


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NEW OFFICERS in Army had to take oath of allegiance, here being administered at Fort Benning. This oath was cynically recited by soldiers like "Kelly," who got themselves into various officer candidate schools for party purposes.

AMERICAN COMMUNIST CONTINUED

being "with" them meant following every order, taking each contradiction without question.

"Kelly" had become well-educated in social history. He appreciated the similarity between the party and certain orders of the Catholic Church in their ruthless demands upon the individual; he justified the parallel by assuming that discipline in itself was good but that only the party had adapted discipline to a necessary and inevitable program. By now, after several years of slavery to the party, of following its commands in every aspect of his life, he was aware that he was no longer an individual. He was a party member.

By 1939 he had found the power to hate coldly, to despise, to make decisions that reflected only the dictates of the party line. He sat in the meeting in that black week that was to have been the great jubilee, celebrating the 20th anniversary of the Communist party, the week of the announcement of the German-Soviet pact. Earl Browder spoke to the 12,000 that sat beneath the mocking banners which decried the "Munichmen," beneath the pictures of Washington, Lincoln, Lenin and Stalin. "Kelly" was there with his wife—the party had indicated that the line now approved of marriage—and behind him were Trotskyites come to jeer the party.

"Poor Browder," they said, laughing, "he doesn't know what to say. He hasn't got the word from Moscow yet."

"Why is Browder like the Brooklyn Bridge?"

"Because he depends on cables."

"Kelly" didn't smile. He turned around, looked, his face passive, and turned to the front again. He would not forget those two faces.

He sat through the empty coldness when, after the conclusion of Browder's floundering talk, the party asked for contributions, and organizations that had been in the practice of giving substantial checks sat silent, suspicious, unfriendly.

The long road

THE year followed when the line preached "imperialist war," and "Kelly" sang "The Yanks Aren't Coming" in the almost deserted meetings. The time came when once again the war was a fight for freedom, a fight against fascism. "Kelly" was far beyond questioning. He sat in the little meetings and listened to the quiet talk of men who, like him, had come the long road. When he spoke the others listened, he was accepted, he was trusted. Behind him were the gay beach parties, the songs, the cigarettes and coffee, the intellectual arguments, the girls, the pamphlets, the parades, the Maxwell Street Station, the bruises from night sticks, the 10 dead on the prairie in front of Republic Steel, the brown baby Sheila had given to its Negro grandparents, the tiredness, the drumbeat of dogma, the curving, swerving, omniscient line. "Kelly" was a Communist, with a dossier that listed him as "reliable." He did what the party told him to do. He could be allowed to suggest ways and means; it was known that he would never question the directive.

He was drafted. The instructions from the inconspicuous, tight-lipped man who ran the party were to be a good soldier, to try for a commission and to keep politically "clean."

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HEARING-AID BATTERIES

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
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The "other man" in your life...



Your tiny son is safely home, at last. You are at peace . . . surrounded once again by the security of dear familiar things. Your room, your bed, the lustrous smoothness of your lovely Pepperell Sheets. . . . How wise you were to buy these most practical of luxuries for every bed in the house! The fine-loomed texture is a joy to feel . . . those sturdy cotton yarns are firmly woven for utmost wearability. Yes, for *value*, always ask for Pepperell Sheets—available in both types of percale,

regular and combed—both types of muslin, utility and luxury. See them in white and "personality colors"!

★

KNOW WHAT YOU'RE BUYING *before* you buy! Read quality information—including full details of thread count, texture, tensile strength, fine-stitched hems, Tapered Tape Selvages, "Tellmark" Tabs—on Pepperell's Buy-Guide boxes! Pepperell Manufacturing Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

PEPPERELL *Sheets*
 LADY PEPPERELL
 COUNTESS DUCHESS
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and Blankets

**CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGER-NAIL
TEST?**



TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair... relieves dryness... removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

**YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK
LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL**



A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

**NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS
LANOLIN!**

AGAIN AND AGAIN the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder when new users from coast to coast were questioned, 4 out of 5 who replied said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair.



TUNE IN ... 2 Network Shows!
"The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.

AMERICAN COMMUNIST CONTINUED

straightened his slumped shoulders and made a more useful Communist out of him. He learned to be direct and aggressive; he became a corporal, a sergeant, and then he was selected for officer candidate school at Fort Benning, Ga.

Counter-Intelligence held up his appointment. His fingerprints were in the files and he was carded as a known agitator. "Kelly" was called before the S-2 officer of his training camp. They talked for an hour; "Kelly" sounded straightforward; he said he was a liberal, a Democrat and never a party member. The S-2 recommended clearing him and a few months later "Kelly" was an infantry second lieutenant.

He was a "book" officer, strict, demanding, following regulations with scrupulous accuracy. When the war ended he was a captain, a Third Army veteran with an excellent combat record. During his three and a half years of service his only party business was to be a good soldier. True, as a corporal he had been the man selected in his company to send weekly reports of any political dissension in the barracks to a masked address in a nearby town, but here he had been on the Army's side, one of their casually selected, lowest-echelon G-2 agents. This had amused him.

Later in 1945, the party had a new directive—"Agitate openly for immediate demobilization." The honeymoon was over. "Kelly" went to work, and the enlisted men of his command were pleasantly surprised to find their martinet captain suddenly encouraging their efforts toward the separation center. In the Philippines a party friend of his, a sergeant, worked up a series of gigantic demonstrations protesting slow demobilization in the Pacific. It was an easy directive, the GIs wanted out anyway, but "Kelly" worked at it as methodically as he had organized years earlier.

"Kelly" waits

OUT of the Army, "Kelly" discovered the war had brought changes in party activities. No more "hunger marches," no more organizing battles—the party wanted its members to get jobs, acquire respectability. "Kelly" found a good job on the basis of his war record; he got a minor executive post in a factory and settled down with his wife in a pleasant suburban home.

If he wanted to leave the party this was his opportunity. The strong hold of using every bit of his time, of dictating his every acquaintance and his every action had been broken by the Army years. For the first time in a decade he was a free man—but he did not want to be free.

The high-level policy of the party now was to prepare for a coming period of economic chaos and, if possible, to hurry it along. The party had a plan of action. Most of the men like "Kelly" were to lie low, keep out of trouble and keep out of sight. These were the trusted men who no longer needed the interminable indoctrination and testing. When the time came they would step out in front and openly become the party's leaders. A second group was to act as stalking horses, parading their party affiliation and protesting any action against them as an invasion of civil liberties. A third group, the new members and the older members who had not proved themselves, was to work openly for various projects of civic betterment.

So "Kelly" waits. Once a week he attends a closed meeting of the party and there is a discussion of plans, policies and directives. He is convinced that 1932 will come again, that the U.S. will go into a tail-spin and that we may go to war against the Soviet Union. There is no question of divided loyalties here—"Kelly" knows that he is an agent of the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs of the Soviet Union and he is proud of it. For, in addition to being the fanatic that years of party membership have made him, he also suffers from a common disease—someday maybe he, "Kelly," will have power, and he is becoming hungry for power. "Kelly" expects to lead protest marches again, he expects to hear the clatter of machine guns in American streets, and he believes this time of crisis to be only a few years away. Meanwhile he maintains his simple loyalty to the party line. Work against aiding Britain, work against the Marshall Plan, oppose any strengthening of our armed forces, fight the Taft-Hartley Act—all these things can be done openly as an expression of a free democracy. The new members, the well-meaning hangers-on and the followers of the "do good" line will help in these directives—the deeper plans are not meant for them. The deeper plans are concerned with the bloody years that "Kelly" believes are part of America's future.

And "Kelly" is without humor. After the recent French elections made the right-wing Gaullists the largest party in France he shrugged off his disappointment. "Do you know," he asked, "that there are more members of the Communist party in France, proportionate to the population, than there are in the Soviet Union?"

**If You Need
A LAXATIVE
when you have a
COLD**



IT'S IMPORTANT, when you have a cold, to keep your intestinal tract open. If you need a laxative, take Ex-Lax!

Ex-Lax gets results easily, comfortably—it isn't violent or upsetting as some laxatives are. When you take Ex-Lax, you hardly know you have used a laxative, except for the satisfying relief you get.

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And remember, Ex-Lax has a delicious chocolate taste—not a bit like medicine. It's a real pleasure to take!

So get Ex-Lax. It's America's most widely used laxative—the favorite of old and young alike. Still only 10¢. Economy size, 25¢.

**When Nature "forgets"...
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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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**Burpee Ostrich Plume
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GIANT sturdy flowers on the world and interlaced petals remind you of ostrich plume. Colors—crimson, rose, blue, white. Long stems for bouquets. **50¢ Packet Seeds FREE** To get equal seeds, send for the Burpee Seed Catalog, send stamp for postage.

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For quick relief from itching caused by eczema, rashes, hives, foot, scales, scabies, and other itching troubles, use world famous cooling, medicated liquid **D. O. D. PRESCRIPTION** Creamless, ita pless Soothes, comforts and checks intense itching speedily. 35¢ trial bottle proves it, or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. O. D. PRESCRIPTION**.



People in every walk of life—



about 3,000,000* of them—own the



business-managed electric companies

***AND YOU** are probably one of another 72,000,000 *indirect* owners, through your bank savings or life insurance premiums. Much of this money of yours is put to work, by banks and insurance companies, in electric company securities.

These companies that serve nearly everybody are *owned* by nearly everybody! What affects them affects you!

It is to your benefit to know the facts about your electric service, and to ours to have you know them. That's why advertisements like this are published by America's *business-managed*, tax-paying **ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES.****

ONE HOUR LATER. New time for the *Electric Hour*—THE HOUR OF CHARM. Sundays, 5:30 P. M., EST, CBS.

****Names on request from this magazine.**





A 75-year-old great-grandmother still lives the code of the West

Out in the tall, rugged canyon country of northern Utah lives Josie Bassett Morris (*above*), deer poacher and gentlewoman, cattle rustler and great-grandmother. At 75, Josie is a 100% self-supporting rugged individualist. She built her own cabin, still practices the riding, roping and shooting of a bygone era, when the rifle and the branding iron were household tools. She has tangled with the law (*below*) but managed to clear herself without losing the unofficial title of Queen of Cattle Rustlers.

On these pages Josie demonstrates for LIFE the way she would rustle a cow—"if," as she remarked, "I were a rustler." Armed with a lariat, a knife and a rifle, she shows how to pilfer a steer from a neighboring rancher's herd. But at home Josie drops many of her rough, frontier ways and rustles up fine meals for friends and neighbors, who, more often than not, suspect that the food they are enjoying may have come from their own range.

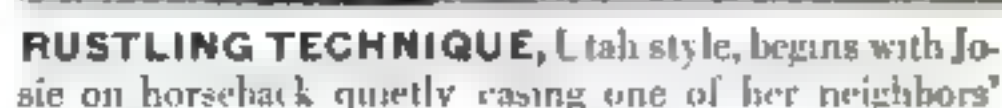
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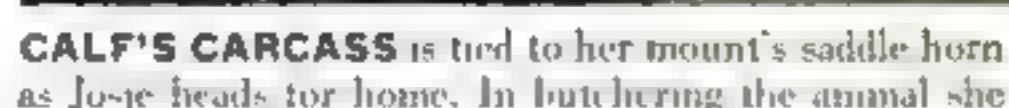
The FBI on 25 June 1968 on or about the 25th day of June, A D, 1968, at the office of the SA of Utah, and then and to it, voluntarily, fully, freely and solely, gave and is giving to the head of the FBI in writing a true and correct copy of the said document, with intent, then and there, to use the same for the purpose of the said statute, contrary to the provisions of the said statute, and said document is such other said and proper, and against the peace and dignity of the State of Utah.

James W. Williams was not
before a committing judge
train on the part of the
State;
Finger James
Neville James
Barry Williams

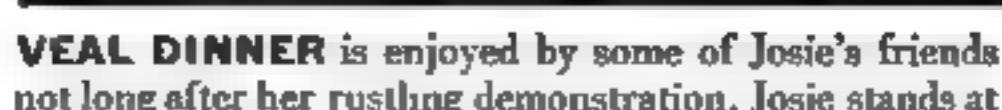
COMPLAINT accused Josie of rustling in 1936. She snorted charge was ridiculous. Judge dismissed the case.



herds of Herefords. After selecting her victim, a sleek calf weighing about 300 pounds, she lassoes it (*opposite page*).



cleans and skins it with a sharp, heavy knife. A careful rustler always burns such evidence as entrails in a hole.



right with a coffee pot. Neighbor Joe Haslem, who owns the herd shown on the opposite page, is third from left.

OUT
GOES
THE
OLD



SWAN IN COMES THE NEW...



UNDIES
SLIPS
GOWNS

with
freshly
hatched styles
for the
glamour
of you.

DIVISION OF MCKAY PRODUCTS CORP., Empire State Bldg., New York

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Soothing **GLYCERINE**
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Prove this for yourself. Let a Pine Bros. Glycerine Tablet dissolve in your mouth. If you have a cough due to colds, you'll have quick relief. That's because the glycerine in Pine Bros. covers your dry, irritated throat with a moist, soothing film, bringing almost instant throat comfort. Use them freely—they can't harm you.

WON'T UPSET YOUR STOMACH

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5 pleasing flavors

TO GET A WINTER SUPPLY OF VENISON JOSIE STALKS THE HILLS FOR



JOSIE'S QUARRY is a large doe which she shot out of season. Although a hunting license would cost her only 10¢, she never bothers to apply for one.



DEER. SHE SIGHTED THE ONES ABOVE SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY



JOSIE'S PANTRY is a rude, raftered room where she preserves all her own meats, vegetables and fruit. Here she is putting away venison for the winter.



*Sleep in the flower-fresh
charm of a Rose Bower...*

Is there a rose in your bedroom décor scheme? Match it with
Pequot's lovely fine combed percales in the shade called Dusty Rose.

Extra-long fibres, exquisite weaving, give these luxury sheets
the baby-soft feel of rosebud petals... give a warm,
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PEQUOT *fine combed* **PERCALES**

MORE THAN 200 COMBED THREADS TO THE INCH

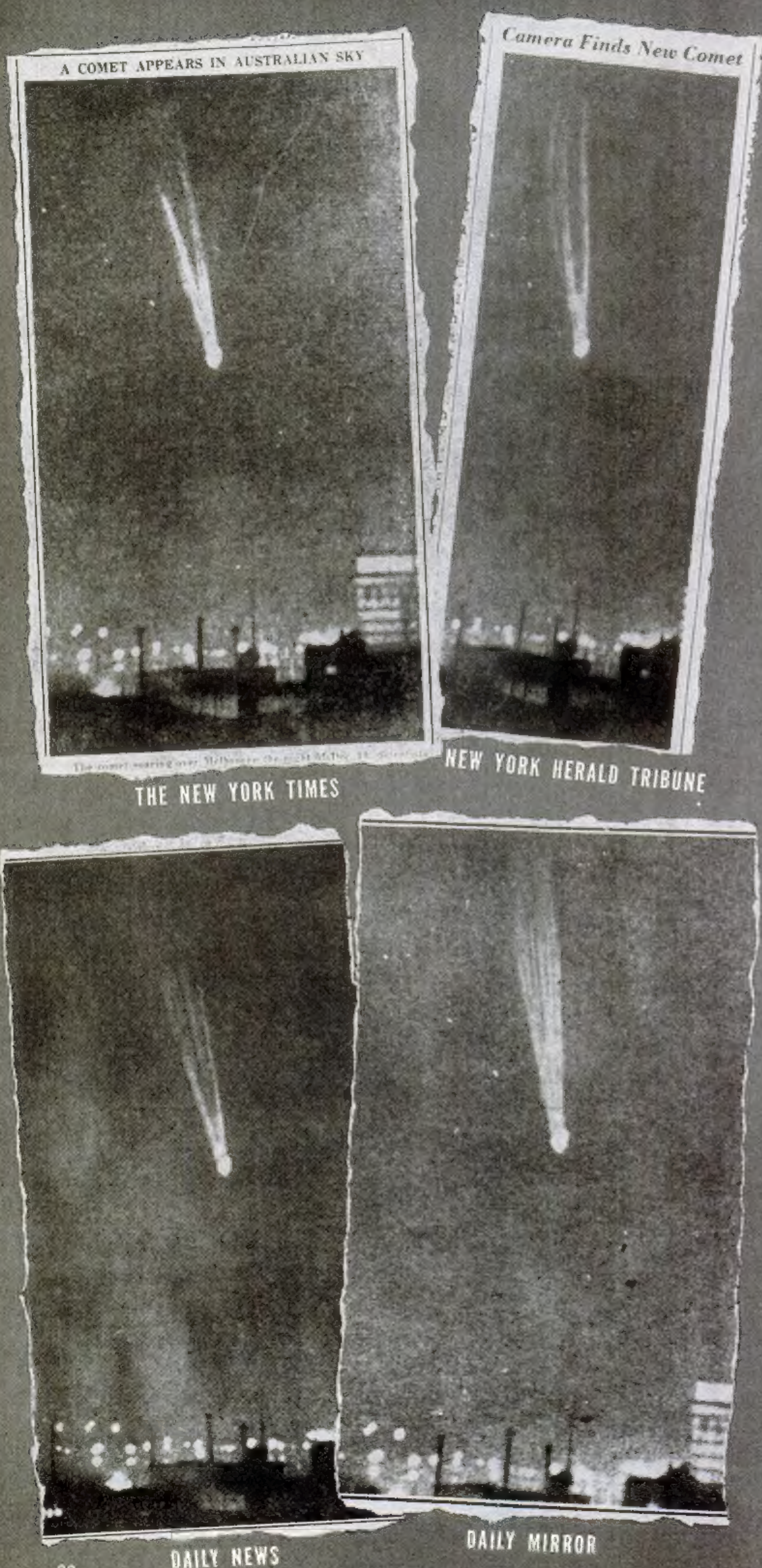
Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.
Makers of Pequot Muslins,
America's Most Popular Sheets



HOW MANY TAILS HAS THE COMET?

Many versions of the same picture
are examples of retoucher's art

On the night of Dec. 10 the bright new comet which astronomers have coldly labeled "1947n" appeared over Melbourne, Australia. As crowds watched its slow progress through the sky an alert cameraman took the first picture ever made of the great comet of 1947. The photograph (below), radioed all over the world, served as a pattern for a wonderfully varied array of pictures in the daily press. Eager to do full justice to the comet's splendor the retouchers endowed it with multiple and magnificent tails. In New York, on Dec. 19, the morning papers came out with versions of the Melbourne picture whose only point in common was their dissimilarity from the original. The conservative *Times* presented a modest two-tailed comet. The middle-of-the-road *Herald Tribune* gave its comet three tails. The madcap *Daily News* showed four, the sensational *Mirror* gave its six.



ORIGINAL PICTURE shows the comet as it really appeared. Comet may be visible in the U.S. in early 1948.



MR. JAMES WARNER BELLAH, DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR OF "IRREGULAR GENTLEMAN"

For Men of Distinction... **LORD CALVERT**

Lord Calvert...so *rare*, so *smooth*, so *mellow*...is a truly distinguished whiskey, intended expressly for those who appreciate the finest. Enjoy Lord Calvert in your next highball and discover the most genuinely pleasant drink you ever tasted. Tonight, at your favorite bar or store...speak the name Lord Calvert!

LORD CALVERT IS A CUSTOM BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

Experience is the best teacher!

"It's true in dancing—
and in choosing
a cigarette, too!
CAMELS are the 'choice
of experience' with me!"

says

Ballet Star

Kathryn Lee



Dancing star of Broadway musicals and noted ballet companies, Miss Lee is fast becoming one of America's top ballerinas.



"I've tried several brands of cigarettes," says Miss Lee, "and learned that Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"



A graceful "rond de jambe" like this takes long practice—and experience!

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!



BALLET STAR Kathryn Lee has her own reasons...from her own experience: "During the wartime cigarette shortage, I tried many different brands," says Miss Lee. "I compared them... and learned by experience that Camels suit my 'T-Zone' to a 'T.' I've smoked Camels ever since!"

Thousands and thousands of smokers had the same experience. They compared—discovered the differences in cigarette quality...found that cool, mild, full-flavored Camels suit them best.

Try Camels on your "T-Zone." Let your own experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!



According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

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